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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

NEW SERIES.]

JULY, 1838.

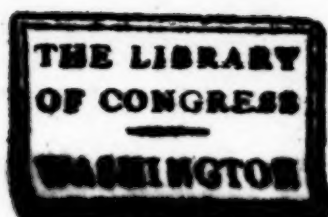
[VOL. 4.—No 1.

44

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR,
ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PRINTED BY J. S. BURGESS, NO. 85 EAST-BAY.
1838.

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[VOL. 4.—No. 1.]

REFLECTIONS ON PRUSSIAN EDUCATION AND LAW.*

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

WE proceed next to the consideration of the 4th chapter, which treats of the punishment of death. Our author is one of those who deny that there are any cases in which society has a right to inflict the punishment of death; and maintains that perpetual slavery ought to be instituted in place of hanging, &c. He says:

"Mankind have no right to take the lives of their fellow-men. The laws of the land represent the general will of the people. This general will is the amount of that of each one of them taken collectively; and the sum of the smallest portions of the private liberty of each citizen is the law. It is a maxim that a man has no right to take his own life, but this right he must have in order to give it away to another."—p. 161.

This reasoning is precisely the same as that made use of by the Marquis Beccaria; for in his "Essay on Crimes and Punishments," chap. 23, he observes:—

"The useless profusion of punishments, which has never made men better, induces me to inquire, whether the punishment of *death* be really just or useful in a well governed state? What *right*, I ask, have men to cut the throats of their fellow-creatures? Certainly not that on which the sovereignty and laws are founded. The laws, as I have said before, are only the sum of the smallest portions of the private liberty of each individual, and represent the general will, which is the aggregate of that of each individual. Did any one ever give to others the right of taking away his life? Is it possible, that in the smallest portions of the liberty of each, sacrificed to the good of the public, can be contained the greatest of all good, life? If it were so, how shall it be reconciled to the maxim which tells us, that a man has no right to kill himself, which he certainly must have, if he could give it away to another."

**Ueber die Verbrechen und die Bestrafungen.*—Von Dr. Wilhelm Heinrich Fruillinghuissen, Lehrer an der Rechtsgelahrtheit, der Konigl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Gottengen, and Mehrerer gelehrten Gesellschaften Mitgliede. Berlin: 1836,—8 vo. pp. 214.

On Crimes and Punishments.—By Dr. William Henry Fruillinghuissen, lecturer on jurisprudence, &c. &c.

The reasoning as to the *right* of society to take away the life of an individual, seems to us unsound; since it is founded upon a hypothetical or theoretical definition of laws and rights which is in many respects controvertible. The word *right* has, perhaps, done more to perplex questions of a political nature than any other that could be named; and were it altogether discarded or only sparingly introduced, there would be a better chance of arriving at truth and unanimity. We may safely assert, that if the death of an individual can prevent a greater evil than itself, society has doubtless a right to inflict it.

There is a class of writers, who, by contemplating the cruelty and inhumanity of the criminal laws enforced in former times, have had their minds led astray on this subject, and have gone to the other extreme, by encouraging a sickly sensibility in favour of the criminal; and because human life was held at too cheap a rate by our ruder forefathers, the tendency now is to ascribe to it a superstitious importance, as if it were too sacred a thing to be touched by human laws. The laws ought indeed to hold human life sacred; and for this reason, we object to the present custom of executing criminals in public. Great injury is done by familiarizing the people to such sights. Executions ought never to be made a spectacle, for the gratification of the multitude, who, if they can bear the sight, regard it as a pastime or amusement; nor for the curiosity of those who shudder whilst they behold it. "There are few circumstances," says a writer in the *Lond. Quart. Review*, No. 87, "in which it is not expedient that a veil should be drawn over the crimes and sufferings of our fellow-creatures; and it is greatly to be wished, that in all cases of turpitude and atrocity, no further publicity were given to the offence than is necessary for the ends of justice. For no one who is conversant with criminal courts, or has obtained any insight into the human mind, can entertain a doubt that such examples are infectious." Far better then would it be, in the few cases for which death ought to be inflicted, always to execute the criminal within the walls of the prison, and to allow no persons to be present except those officers whose attendance the law renders necessary, and such other persons as the sufferer may wish to have about him on taking his departure.* It would also produce an impression productive of

*In Pennsylvania there is a law in force prohibiting public executions; and we are gratified to find that in December last, Mr. McKean, Senator from that State, presented a Memorial from sundry eminent jurists and other distinguished citizens of Pennsylvania, praying Congress to pass a law dispensing with public executions, and requiring the Marshals of the United States to have the sentence put in force in the prison yards, upon all those hereafter condemned to death under the United States laws. On motion of Mr. McKean, the memorial was ordered to be printed with the names attached, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

good effect, if no other announcement were made than simply the tolling of a bell when all was over, and hoisting a black flag where it might be seen far and wide; and if the dead body were carried under a pall with appropriate solemnity to the place of dissection.

The remarks of Dr. F. in favour of perpetual slavery, and in opposition to the punishment of death, are as follows:—

“Death has not terrors sufficient to produce an impression that will withstand the forgetfulness which is natural to man, even in the most important matters, especially when aided by his passions. Violent impressions surprise us, but then produce only a transient effect; whereas, in the contemplation of long and continued suffering, terror is the predominant, if not the only sensation. Perpetual slavery has more in it to deter the most obstinate and determined offender, than the punishment of death. There are many who through vanity or fanaticism, others from a desperate resolution either to cease to exist or to be freed from their suffering, can regard death with firmness and intrepidity; but these forsake the criminal in chains and fetters bound down to perpetual slavery, and despair seems only the beginning of his misery. It is the duration or contrivance, not the degree of bodily pain, that operates the most powerfully upon the mind; for human nature is such that our sensibility is more easily and more powerfully effected by moderate but continued impressions, than by a violent but sudden impulse. The mind can, for a short period, withstand impending suffering, by summoning up itself and uniting its strength; but the prospects of perpetual wretchedness are more than its most vigorous efforts can resist.”—
p. 188.

This reasoning of our author is ingenious, but, notwithstanding, it appears to us, that from the horror with which death is universally contemplated, it must be a more efficacious punishment in the way of prevention, than perpetual slavery.

The love of life is a principle strongly rooted in human nature: so strong indeed, that we often see individuals whose existence is rendered a burthen to them by disease, still clinging to life with the greatest tenacity. “If there be any thing,” says Paley, “that shakes the soul of a confirmed villain, it is the dread of death.” And Shakespeare, that acute observer of human nature, has remarked, that—

“The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.”

Even the actual experience of death is more easy when it comes on unexpectedly, than the fear of it which is associated with the commission of an act rendered perishable with death, by the law. “*La mort,*” says Pascal, “*est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.*”

The difficulty with regard to the punishment of death, is in deciding to which crimes it should be adjudged. The sympathies of the community must be taken into calculation; for if the penalty of death be adjudged to actions which the general feeling regards as not deserving of it, the law will not be adequately enforced. This uncertainty, the result of the undue severity of the punishment, will cause offenders to have a weaker motive for abstaining from the crime, than if the law had been less severe, and the commission of the act followed by a greater certainty of punishment.

The fifth and last chapter of the work under review, is on the pardoning of criminals. Dr. F. is decidedly opposed to the frequent exercise of the power of pardoning convicted criminals by the chief-magistrate or the body in whom the power is vested, and observes that punishments ought to be proportioned to offences and made to follow them with certainty.—

“The *certainty* of punishment,” says he, “has more effect in preventing crimes, than the *severity*. If a punishment be mild and *certain*, it will produce a much stronger impression than the fear of one more severe, but attended with the hopes of pardon; for the nature of man is such, that the prospect of the smallest inevitable evil terrifies him; whilst the apprehension of a greater calamity is dispelled by the power of hope, and especially when this hope is supported by examples of impunity.”—p. 193.

On this subject there has been a great deal of ingenious controversy amongst writers on criminal legislation. “The severity of punishment,” says Bentham,* “must vary inversely as the certainty of its being inflicted. What can be said of a power to render punishment uncertain? Such is, however, the immediate consequence of the power of pardoning. In society, as with individuals, the age of passion precedes the age of reason. The first penal laws were dictated by anger and revenge. But when these barbarous laws, founded upon caprice and antipathies, begin to shock an enlightened public, the power to pardon, offering a protection against the vigour of sanguinary laws, becomes a comparative good, and is adopted without any examination of the evils entailed by this pretended remedy.”—“When laws are too severe, the power of pardoning is a corrective; but this corrective is a mere evil. Enact good laws, and break the magic wand by which they are paralyzed. If the punishment is necessary, it ought not to be remitted; if it is not necessary, it ought not to be pronounced.”

Speaking of the pardoning of criminals, the Marquis Beccaria observes:—

“It is indeed one of the noblest prerogatives of the throne, but at the same time a tacit disapprobation of the laws. Clemency is a virtue which

* *Traites de Legislation*, tome 2, p. 192.

belongs to the legislator, and not to the executor of the laws; a virtue which ought to shine in the code and not in private judgment. To shew mankind that crimes are sometimes pardoned, and that punishment is not the necessary consequence, is to nourish the flattering hope of impunity, and is the cause of their considering every punishment inflicted as an act of injustice and oppression. The prince in pardoning gives up the public security in favour of an individual, and by his ill-judged benevolence, proclaims a public act of impunity. Let then the executors of the laws be inexorable, but let the legislator be tender, indulgent and humane."

He adds:—

"A small crime is sometimes pardoned if the person offended chooses to forgive the offender. This may be an act of good nature and humanity, but it is contrary to the good of the public: for although a private citizen may dispense with satisfaction for the injury he has received, he cannot remove the necessity of example. The right of punishing belongs not to any individual in particular, but to society in general. He may renounce his own portion of this right, but cannot give up that of others."*

Although it is disadvantageous to a community that the pardoning power should be extensively exercised, yet no one, perhaps, would contend, that it should not be exerted in any case whatever. It seems absolutely necessary, in order to provide against unforeseen contingencies, that there should be a power to suspend, at least, the execution of a judicial sentence. The degree or measure in which such a power ought to be possessed and exercised, is the chief question.

It is well known, that the mode of administering justice in England, is to condemn great numbers to death, but to execute very few. By a reference to Ruffhead's Index to the Statutes of England, (tit Felony,) it will be seen that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, no less than one hundred and sixty have been declared by act of parliament to be felonies without benefit of clergy.* Of those, however, who receive sentence of death, scarcely one in ten is executed.

This practice is regarded by Dr. Paley as the result of enlightened humanity and profound policy on the part of the English Legislature.—

"The law of England," says he, "by the number of statutes creating capital offences, sweeps into the net every crime, which under any possible circumstances may merit the punishment of death; but when the execution of this sentence comes to be deliberated upon, a small portion of each class are singled out, the general character or the particular aggravation of

* *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*, chap. 46.

† Through the humanity and well ascertained policy of the English Legislature, many of these rigorous acts have lately been repealed, and milder punishments substituted.

whose crimes render them fit examples of public justice. By this expedient few actually suffer death, whilst the dread and danger of it hang over the crimes of many. The tenderness of the law cannot be taken advantage of. The life of the subject is spared, as far as the necessity of restraint and intimidation permits; yet no one will adventure upon the commission of any enormous crime from a knowledge that the laws have not provided for its punishment. The wisdom and humanity of this design furnishes a just excuse for the multiplicity of capital offences, which the laws of England are accused of creating beyond those of other countries. The charge of cruelty is answered by observing, that these laws were never meant to be carried into indiscriminate execution; that the legislature, when it establishes its last and highest sanctions, trusts to the benignity of the crown to relax their severity, as often as circumstances appear to palliate the offence, or even as often as those circumstances of aggravation are wanting, which rendered this rigorous interposition necessary. Upon this plan it is enough to vindicate the lenity of the laws, that some instances are to be found in each class of capital crimes, which require the restraint of capital punishment: and that this restraint could not be applied without subjecting the whole class to the same condemnation."

The assertion of Dr. Paley, that the laws creating capital offences "were never meant to be carried into indiscriminate execution," is unfounded. There probably never was a law made in England, which the legislature that passed it did not intend should be strictly enforced; and the practice which now prevails, is not the effect of the original design, but may be attributed to that change in the manners and character of the nation which has gradually taken place, and which is so repugnant to the spirit of these laws, that it has become impossible to carry them into execution. With our author, we are decidedly opposed to this mode† of administering justice; for in the language of Judge Blackstone, "Among so many chances of escaping, the needy and hardened offender overlooks the multitude that suffer; he boldly engages in some desperate attempt to relieve his wants or supply his vices: and if unexpectedly the hand of justice overtakes him, he deems himself peculiarly unfortunate in falling at last a sacrifice to those laws, which long impunity has taught him to contemn."‡

We have thus given our views of the work of Dr. Fruillinghuisen. The subjects discussed in it are extremely interesting and important, and we would willingly have enlarged upon several of them, but the limits of a review do not admit of it. We purpose, however, at some future period, devoting a separate essay to the

* *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, c. 9.

† See *Sir Samuel Romilly's Observations on the Criminal Law of England*, p. 18.

‡ *Commentaries*, l. 4, c. 1.

consideration of the treatment of criminals; in which we hope to present some opinions of a practical nature based upon personal observations and enquiries made during the last summer, at the different penitentiaries in the United States. W. S. R.

Barnwell, March, 1838.

SONG—"LOVE YET."

Love yet!—The dew-drop gemmed upon the spray,
Beneath yon eager sun must pass away;
But when the tyrant of the day has set,
The gem returns again.—Love yet! love yet!

Love yet!—The starry night's ensangled crown
Fades when the gates of day are open thrown;
But when the circling hours bring back repose,
Again its coronet all brightly glows!—Love yet!

The friend on whom your kindling soul would rest,
May faithless prove to love's most high behest;
But fear not thou,—he never can forget,
If thou but keep thy truth.—Love yet! love yet!

The dull and weary earth may mouldering lie,
On stately form and darkly speakingeye;
But ye shall meet again, as ne'er on earth ye met,
Then weep not for the dead.—Love yet! love yet!

'IPSISTOS.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "ATALANTIS," &c.

"With this—
 I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
 Contemplated, describe the mind of man,
 Contemplating; and who, and what he was,
 The transitory being that beheld
 This vision,—when, and where, and how he lived."

Wordsworth.

I.

WITH the first tokens of the gray dawning, and while yet the thin gray mists lay like a gauzy veil above the half-canopied mountains, the gates of the great city were thrown open, and the people thereof began to pour forth in mighty crowds. Like a swollen torrent, that forces its way over the barrier and broken rocks, they came roaring and rushing, less with the innate feeling of power than of enjoyment. A universal spirit of intoxication seemed to possess the multitude, and by tens, by twenties, and by hundreds, with wild and dissonant cries of mingling yet discordant voices, they pressed their way through the narrow gateway, and came forth clamoring upon the plain. The aged and the yet green in youth—wise, venerable men—devout matrons,—trembling and hopeful maidens,—and sportive childhood, that laughs and leaps were mingling together, until, even ere the sun had yet risen, the vast esplanade in front of the city, was covered with their forms. One mighty will seemed to move in every heart, and to unite all voices in a universal song, as if for some great deliverance. An hundred thousand tongues mingled in the strain, and the hills that surrounded them gave back the melody with a seven-fold echo.

"Lofty and beautiful is the temple that stands above the hill!" Such was the song of the multitude.—"Lofty is the temple on the high hill, and lovely is the Goddess who sits in power therein. Let us to the temple, oh! ye people. Let us bow down before the Goddess thereof, and bury our faces in the sacred dust that lies at her foot-stool. Let us put her feet upon our necks and grow great by reason of our abasement. Let us carry the fatted lamb and the bleating kid, for sweet is the savor of the burnt offering in her nostrils, and she smiles when the Flamen smites the heavy ox in the forehead, and his dying blood besprinkles her garments. To the temple on the hill, oh, ye people,—to the lovely Goddess who dwells therein. Let us fly to her worship,—let us bring our offerings,—the fatted lamb and the calf, and the bleating kid,—let us twine about their necks the flowers that are in season, and hang their brows with clusters of the bleeding grape, that so we may show our love for the Goddess and the Priests, and our reverence for the white temple that stands lofty upon the hill."

And when these words were ended, the shouting of the far-stretching multitude grew great again, like the clamor of meeting winds and waters;

and they ran towards the white temple that rose proudly on the high hill in the rosy light of the morning,—the swift leading the way, and the strong rushing after, giving no heed to the cries and the groans of the feeble and the young, whom they overthrew and trampled in the fury of their flight. Well did they know that the Goddess whom they sought would freely forgive the evil which happened only from the overflowing of their zeal in her worship. And many were the Priests that did homage for that people around the altars of the Goddess. And they prayed before her presence that she would come forth and lend grace to her worshippers by the smile of her benignant countenance. And the multitude brought great store of gold and jewels, and with gifts of value rewarded those who served them in this wise. They brought bracelets for the arms, of solid gold, and night-drops of amber and of pearl,—of jewels from the mine, and pale blue water-gems from the deep,—to hang around the necks, and fasten in the ears, of that sacred priesthood. And the holy men prayed stedfastly before the Goddess for the multitude, and the Goddess vouchsafed to hear and to smile upon their prayers. And the golden gates of the temple were thrown wide, and the multitude shouted anew by reason of their exceeding joy; and, in the madness of their devotion, many of them rushed towards the golden entrance, ere the Priest had yet veiled the glory shining from within; but were driven back and blinded by the streams of excessive light which encountered them as they came. But soon the gong sounded, which was the signal for the Goddess to appear,—and the guards that waited upon the Priests, with their golden lances, drove back the impatient multitude from the path of the procession, which was to move towards the great city that it might be blessed by the presence of the Goddess. Then, as the crowd gave way, came forth the car of the sun, borne by the sacred ox whose horns, covered with gold, had each a glorious emerald shining thereon. And the rays of that golden orb dazzled the eyes of those who too confidently beheld it, and they threw themselves upon the sand as it came, and the sacred ox pressed with heavy feet upon their necks. Then, perched upon a chrystal bough, and borne by a lovely boy whose long yellow hair floated in trained luxuriance down his back, came forth the milk-white pigeon, which bore the words of the Goddess to her distant worshippers; and the boy that carried the pigeon was blind from his birth, and it was the eyes of the sacred bird that guided him in his progress; and sometimes, as he went, the pigeon would fly off from the bough to bear the words of the Goddess to the Priesthood, and at such moments the boy stood still. Next came one whose arms were bound to his side, and he was clothed in yellow garments, and he bore upon his head a crystal globe which was the sign of eternity, and within might be seen a butterfly with folded wing, and this was the sign of immortality. He was followed by an hundred others bound and attired like himself, and their bonds were a token that they opposed not the will of the Goddess; and they bore the globe and butterfly by turns. As they advanced from the temple, the mighty and mixed multitude, which had fallen into sudden silence when the golden sun came forth, now, as suddenly, rose into clamorous rejoicing,—the hills shook in their shouting; and, from the vast circle of the plain, the continued

voices bore to the city the glad tidings of the coming of the Goddess. Next came the slaves,—an hundred Ebon-dyed slaves from Ethiopia,—and they bore heavy censers of chrystal; and ever and anon they scattered a sweet incense among the people. A girdle of silver cloth was wrapped about their loins, and they wore a collar of silver, and a chain about the neck, of silver also. A chosen band followed these, of the youth dedicated to the priesthood; and they wore no badges, and their garments were of the coarsest woollen. After these came the sages, the wisest and the most venerable among those who had given themselves to the service of the Goddess from their childhood. They wore long white beards, and they were greatly revered among the people by reason of their close neighbourhood to the Goddess, and as they were the first to know and to declare her irrevocable decrees. In their secret abodes they had traced the history and duties of the heavenly bodies,—had locked up the niggard sciences in narrow cells, making them servants, and denying them to that world which they were intended to inform; but which, in its inferior ignorance, might only have abused their offices. To these succeeded the artificers, the painters, the builders, the workers in fire, and the secret properties of subtle minerals. Then came the High Priest, an experienced magician, than whom the great City knew none more wise and more in favor of the Goddess. He stood upon the platform, which was of solid brass, upon which the throne of the Goddess was raised. His robes were of sable, but under them might be seen a belt of purple and living fire. A serpent twined itself about his arm, and sometimes lifted his green head above the shoulder of the Priest, whose hand grasped him by the middle. As he advanced, his presence announced that of the Deity, and was acknowledged by an astounding shout from the anxious multitude. The car of the Goddess, itself a temple, now rolled heavily through the brazen entrance. It was drawn by the ponderous Behemoth, whose hoofs were coated with silver, and whose forward step shook the solid earth over which he came. Around the car, a troop of lovely Priestesses danced on feet that spurned the air, and their forms, flexible as light, melted and sunk away into continual and changing shapes of grace and luxuriance; and tears of light gathered in the eyes of the young men of the multitude, as they looked upon their voluptuous involutions. These closed the procession, and as they passed from the brazen door of the temple, it shut, of itself, with a startling and tremendous sound.

II.

But there was one of all that mighty and mixed multitude, that felt not with the rest, that saw not with their eyes, nor measured the things he saw, by their understandings. He came with them from the city, for he dared not remain behind, in that time of general jubilee; but his voice joined not with the rest in swelling the clamor of rejoicing. With slow steps and a sick spirit, he followed far behind, and his heart grew cold in his bosom, as he beheld their wild impatience and witnessed the headlong fury of their devotion. Their cries stunned and troubled him, and the big tears gathered upon his eye-lashes.

"Beautiful, indeed," murmured Ipsistos to his own heart,—*"Beautiful, indeed, is the Goddess,—lovely beyond the loveliness of woman, whom the keen eye of the Builder beheld, where she lay buried in the bosom of the solid rock, whence his nice hand and searching instrument of steel, gave her release. With the fine touch of endowing art he removed the rude dints of the heavy masses which had lain so long upon her visage, and brought back the light into her features, and the life which belongs only to expression, which had been banished from them so long. In her temple have the people raised her, and they behold in her countenance nothing but perfection. In her they see the embodied form of the universal and diffusive truth, and they claim for her the possession of a perfect beauty. But to me all the sweet conviction, which makes the heart confident in its hope and brings it peace, seems utterly denied. To me she does not seem the true, neither, though she is beautiful, can I esteem her the perfect beauty which so immutable a Goddess should be. She wins not my heart when I behold her,—her charms gather only upon mine eyes. With reluctant hand I lay the first fruits upon her altars even as I am bidden, but she knows that it is only as I am bidden that I bring them, and though she smiles upon others, she, methinks, hath a frown only and ever for me. I pray to her for the blessing and she withholds it; yet wherefore should she withhold it when I pray only to be wise. Alas! I inquire of these things in vain. The mists gather more thickly around me, and when my brethren cry loudest in rejoicing for the light which ascendeth, then upon my sight the darkness falls more heavily than ever. My soul is sorrowful within me. The prayer that I make returns upon me with the bitterness of rejection. Wherefore should this be so? Wherefore, of all this multitude, should I, alone, be joyless and voiceless. My brothers—they come back from the temple, having the song still upon their lips and the smile still in their hearts. My sisters enter with laughter the dwelling of my father, though Poverty sits upon the hearth, and weeps because of the cold. The smile of the Goddess hath blessed them until they forget the withered and wrinkled grandsire whom they leave famishing at home. Alas! for me, when I see the burnt offerings and the fruits upon the altars of the Goddess, I think not upon her worship, but upon his want. Wherefore should the Goddess need as a testimony of our homage the waste of her own fruits, which had else cheered the heart and strengthened the limbs of age and poverty. Wherefore—ah!"*

A terrible voice sounded in the ears of the youth:

"Ipsistos!"

He shivered with terror as he looked up. The car of the Goddess was rolling onwards, and her eye was fixed upon him with a glance that seemed to search and freeze his soul. The voice of the Chief Priest, a second time, reached his ears in low accents, unheard by any but the youth.

"Ipsistos! The eye of the Goddess is upon thee. She looks into thy heart. She beholds thy discontent. Beware!"

The youth sank upon his knees, and clasping his hands above his head, he bowed his face to the dust while the car passed onwards.

"Alas!" moaned the stricken youth as the crowd rolled between him and the priest, *"I am doomed!"*

And there he lay prostrate and desponding, while the elated crowd, forgetting all wretchedness of their brother, felt only the triumph of that power which permitted them to kneel!

III.

"Ipsistos!" said the sacred messenger of the temple, touching the melancholy youth with the spiral rod of his office,—*"thou art called."*

"Whither?" demanded the youth.

"To the temple!" was the answer of authority.

"I obey!—I follow thee!" said the youth with fear and trembling.

"It is well. Bermahdi awaits thee."

And Ipsistos prepared to follow as he was commanded, and his heart was full of fears; for had he not heard from Bermahdi that the Goddess was a jealous Goddess—quick to see the falling off of the worshipper at her altars, and terrible in her punishments for every departure from the law as it is written.

"Fare-thee-well," my father," cried the youth,—*"I am commanded to leave thee for awhile."*

"Who commands thee, my son?" said the venerable man.

"Bermahdi."

"Ha!—Thou hast sinned, my son. Thou hast sinned against the Goddess."

"I fear me."

And the old man trembled and fell upon his face, as the favorite of his eyes departed.

IV.

Ipsistos stood in the presence of Bermahdi, the White-Bearded, and his heart sank within him. Wondrous was the chamber in which he stood.—strange were all the objects and aspects around him. The roof of that chamber was vaulted like the sky and studded with a thousand stars. Clouds hung aloft, now rising and now receding, and from them, at moments, Ipsistos could see the keen and cold eye of the Goddess looking down upon him. The vault was upborne by gigantic figures of black marble, that moved around him in a constant circle; and, ever and anon, a heavy instrument of sounding metal told the progress of the never stopping hours. A burning mirror stood upright against the wall, and Ipsistos beheld within it, the constant progress of things as they concerned the people of the Goddess. And he saw himself within it, even he, Ipsistos, but the figure paused not, but disappeared at the waving of the hand of Bermahdi. The Chief Priest sat before a table of red porphyry on which the characters and signs of the seasons were inscribed. Instruments of strange form, and to him, unknown uses, lay upon the table. Bermahdi was a magician of unbounded wisdom, and his studies were as various as the faces of the stars of heaven. He seemed, even then, to be toiling in the divine arts of astrology; and when Ipsistos regarded his stern but venerable aspect, and saw the strange instruments around him, and beheld the books in languages unknown, gathered with great pains and at wondrous

cost from the remotest nations,—his awe, mingling with the apprehensions which his soul felt at the summons of the sacred messenger, became a sort of terror, and he trembled in the presence of the holy man.

"Ipsistos!" said Bermahdi, "approach!"

And as the youth drew nigh to the table an hundred serpents sprang forward, with hissing fury and open jaws, ready to devour the intruder; but, at the word of Bermahdi, they crawled back to the slimy baskets where they had lain coiled in sleep, and offered no farther interruption to his approach.

"Ipsistos! thou had'st been doomed but for thy youth. Thou art poor and feeble, else thou had'st perished. Had'st thou been high among the people,—high of birth and fortune,—this night thou had'st fed the sacred serpents of the Goddess, whom, in thy seeret thoughts, thou hast contemned. Wherefore is this madness, Ipsistos? Thy brothers are devout worshippers,—they come with glad hearts and full hands to the temple,—they bend with reverence before the altar,—they heed the words of the Goddess and question not her laws. But thou dost, Ipsistos. In thy vain soul thou hast asked—'why is this?' With thy shallow understanding, thou wouldst judge the decrees which are written for the world. Why dost thou not believe, and trust, and do homage like thy brothers?"

"Alas! father! wherefore? It is from thee that I would have the answer. Thou art the favored of the Goddess,—I pray thee implore her that she tell me, why I am other in spirit than my brothers?"

The holy man frowned gloomily as he listened to these words of the unhappy youth.

"What, boy!—wouldst thou demand of the Goddess, why is this, and wherefore is that. I tell thee that thy presumption prays a sudden judgment upon thee. Thy vain thoughts are working out thy doom."

"Be merciful, father. I would not offend with my presumption. I would school my heart unto humility. It is to know the right only that I ask to know at all. My prayer is for wisdom only."

"Thy prayer is insolent, boy. What! shall we be all Magi. Shall wisdom be a thing to cast in equal lots,—shall we demand of the Goddess to be other than we are. Foolish and audacious boy. Thou must learn to obey, ere thou art wise. To trust those who are the born counsellors of the land,—who have authority for judgment from the Goddess. Hast thou lived so long, and art thou still ignorant of her power? Hast thou seen nothing to shew to thee the might which she has, beyond that of thee and all thy people, and which she puts forth daily through the hands of those who tend upon her altars. Hast thou not listened to her oracles. Does she not foretel the plague which kills, the tempest which desolates, the ruler of the city who shall best serve its interests, the coming of the enemy whom ye fear. Does not her power dissipate the enemy, stay the plague, repair the city, provide the ruler? Is thy people prosperous or not?"

"Alas! father, poverty sits upon the hearth of my sire, and the flesh is shrivelled upon his aged limbs. The city is prosperous, but my father lacks bread for his hunger, and he hath no raiment against the cold."

"And what of this, idle boy. What is the pleasure or the life of one, or even of a thousand, in consideration of this great argument. Thy life is

but a span at best, and something must end it. The Goddess that gives thee life, hath surely a right to prescribe its laws, its limits and its vicissitudes. Believe this, and thy father suffers little; but even this pretence shall be denied thee for complaint. Thou shalt carry from the temple this night the food which shall make him strong, and the garments which shall bring the blood back into his aged limbs. Will that content thee?"

"I will bless thee for it, father."

"And be true and joyful in thy worship of the Goddess?"

"I will strive—with all my soul and with all my strength, I will strive," replied Ipsistos.

"Thou shalt, or it shall be worse for thee. Lo!—Here shalt thou see the power of the Goddess. Thou shalt behold sights never yet vouchsafed to thy people. Look! What see'st thou?"

And, as he spake, the Magician uttered a word of power, and the brooding cloud rolled away from overhead, and the sun hung his broad and burning shield above the eyes of Ipsistos, though it was then the mid hour of the night, so that they were confounded and darkened by the blaze. And when he looked again, the cold, pale moon was shining in its place.

"Thou hast seen the mansions of the sun and moon,—they are ever present to the Goddess and visible at her command. Some of her power she will now confer, even upon thee, that thou may'st no longer doubt of her worship. Grasp me that wand of ebony which thou seest upon the edge of yon fountain."

The youth did so, and of a sudden it became a serpent in his grasp. He flung it to the ground and it once more became a wand of Ebony.

"Thou seest; but that is not all. Thou shalt cross unharmed upon those fiery bars over which it is written that every devotee should go. But first put off thy sandals, and put on these sacred shoes which have been hallowed upon the altar of the Goddess."

The youth put on the shoes as he was directed, and at the same instant a part of the wall opened before him, and he beheld a bridge of fire-bars which spanned a cavernous hollow of vast extent, in which he could see nothing, but from which there came a continual roaring like the evening anthem of the sea. The youth shrank back from the trial, but Bermahdi encouraged him.

"Fear nothing!" he said,—*"For thou wearest sandals which have been hallowed by the Goddess."* A voice soft but clear, sad but melodious, reached his ears an instant after, which repeated the words of encouragement.

"Fear nothing, Ipsistos. There is nought to harm thee!"

"What voice is that!" cried Bermahdi with looks of unfeigned astonishment.

"Was it not the voice of the Goddess?" said Ipsistos,—*"Methought it was she who spoke."*

"Ay, it was,—it must have been!" cried Bermahdi,—*"it must have been the Goddess. Thou see'st my son that she loves thee. Fear nothing."*

"Fear nothing, Ipsistos," said the gentle voice once more.

And the heart of Ipsistos was full of joy as he heard it, but the countenance of Bermahdi was troubled. The youth felt tears of pleasure steal

out upon his cheek, for the tones of that sweet speaker sunk like music and peace into his heart. He feared no longer. Boldly he advanced upon the blazing bars which, to his great wonder, gave out no heat. And when he had passed over the bridge to the opposite side of the cavern, he stood in the presence of the Goddess. But her looks were lovely no longer. Anger blazed in her eyes, and her lips were distorted by reason of the anger within her breast.

"This is strange," said Bermahdi,—*"strange that she should frown upon thee, Ipsistos, when thou hast passed through the first trial of the noviciate. Thou wilt become a noviciate, my son."*

"Wherefore, father?"

"See'st thou not that she frowns upon thee?"

The youth was silent.

"Ha! dost thou refuse?" cried Bermahdi.

"No, no—I refuse not,—but suffer me to think upon it, my father. I am not yet worthy,—I would meditate upon the wonders I have seen."

"Thou shalt! Go now in safety. The path is clear. Nothing shall harm thee on thy way. But see that thou hast early thought upon this, my son. Thou hast thought, already, too much or too little, and thy error must be amended. Remember! the eyes of the Goddess are upon thee."

Again the gentle voice whispered in his ears.

"Fear nothing, Ipsistos;" and when he looked upon the statue of the Goddess, her features were convulsed with anger. A stream of fire seemed to issue from her eyes, and with a shivering fear that ran through all his veins like a sudden ague, the youth fled from her terrific presence.

V.

He fled, but the gentle voice still lingered in his ears, and as he left the portals of the temple, its tones of encouragement were repeated.

"Fear nothing, Ipsistos. I am she whom in thy secret soul thou lovest; and I am powerful to protect thee. Let the tyrant rage, he shall not prevail against thy thought, nor against the true worship which is already living in thy spirit. He may cast thee into a dungeon,—he may load thee with chains,—in his brute anger he may buffet thee, and with his keen thong he may cover thee with stripes; but of a surety shalt thou live through all, and glorious shall be thy triumph in the end. Fear nothing, Ipsistos,—for, so long as thou keepest my voice in thy ears, so long shalt thou live, and so sure shall be thy great victory over thy enemy. Thou shalt tread upon his neck, Ipsistos."

And the youth grew bold to speak to the voice as he hearkened to these grateful words, and he said,—

"And how, oh, sweetest whisper of the night, thou that stealest upon mine ear like a music from heaven, and sinkest blessing, into my heart, like a balmy food thereof;—how am I to keep thee forever nigh to me? Tell me, that I may not lose thee."

"By keeping me ever in thy heart as thou dost now. By seeking me as thou hast ever done!"

"How! Blessed voice,—have I ever sought thee before, when, until this hour, mine ear remembers not to have heard thee."

"Thine ear hath not heard me, Ipsistos, but day and night, even from the hour of thy birth, have I spoken to thy heart. Thou hast truly called me a music from heaven, and a balmy food thereof. I am both,—for I am that principle without which no music could be such in the ears of the good, and no food could give nourishment."

"What art thou?" demanded the trembling youth.

"Truth! Doth not thy own heart teach thee?" was the answer.

"Alas!—but it did not!" replied Ipsistos.

"Of a surety it did, Ipsistos, from the first moment when thou felt'st that thou could'st not love the creature which thy people worship with a wild and headlong idolatry. Thou could'st not think her beautiful, because, in thy own heart, thou beheld'st a yet lovelier image."

"And shall I see thee with mine eyes, oh, thou, whom my soul worships," cried the youth, sinking on his knees and lifting his hands together, as if the object of his adoration stood even then unveiled before him."

"Yea, thou mayst if thou so wishest it; but I warn thee, Ipsistos, in the hour that thou regardest me with thy human eyes,—in that hour shalt thou surely die. Art thou ready?"

Prostrate in the dim night, the youth sunk down in silence. But in silence he remained not long.

"Give me to behold thee," he cried aloud to the voice.—"Give me to look upon the blessed and beautiful features of that divine being who is in my lifted heart, and death shall be welcome. Gladly will I embrace it, for thy sake, sweetest and loveliest of the dreams that have won me from sleep and made life, itself, a dream."

"Thou art bold now, Ipsistos; but when death looks upon thee with his grim aspect, and claims thee for his own—"

"Even then will I be bold!" cried the undaunted youth.

"When thou feels't his steely grasp upon thy shoulder!"

"I will laugh upon him,—I will defy him with a song in thy praise."

"When he drags thee to the roaring blaze, and the burning faggots crackle and hiss around thee!—"

"Ha!—must it then be so!" cried the youth shuddering and covering his face with his hands.

"Perhaps!" said the voice.—"Wilt thou not then shrink from thy faith? Wilt thou not then forswear me? Wilt thou not deny that thou hast seen my face, and hearkened to my counsel as thou dost now? Death is terrible, Ipsistos!"

"I will not! Though death be terrible, I will not shrink from the danger,—I will not deny thee, nor forget the faith which I have pledged thee, and which I pledge thee here."

"And yet 'twere pity, Ipsistos, that thy youth should perish thus. Think of thy old grandsire."

"Ah!"

"Thy brothers and thy sisters."

"Alas! they need me not. Did they love me and need me more, I were less bold, perchance, in this encounter. My grandsire hath not many days of life, and even were I gone from him, but little were his loss therein."

The promise which thou makest me, moves me more than these fears and losses which thou describest to me. Give me to look upon thy divine presence, and see the beauties which are there, and I am ready for the stake, and for the cruel executioner. Tell me, shall I not behold thee now?"

"Not yet!" cried the voice.—"Thou could'st not see me now, even if thou would'st, and I were willing to suffer thee. There are scales upon thine eyes, which must first fall off. There is yet a fetter upon thy thought which must be broken, and thou hast learned lessons in thy mind, which must be unlearned, ere thou can'st behold me. Yet shall I not utterly be unseen by thee. Even now, if thou lookest keenly, thou may'st behold a faint shadow of my person beside thee, and, as thou strivest to behold me and hearkenest to my voice, my features shall grow clear to thine eyes,—thy hands to my touch,—thy soul shall be filled with my spirit. But I warn thee, in that time thou diest. Thy danger begins with thy knowledge, and in the moment of thy greatest victory, shalt thou perish."

And the youth gazed as he was bidden, and a shadowy form passed beside him, and the stars yielded in their places, and all things swam before his sense. When he looked again the shadow and the voice were gone.

VI.

"I bring thee food, my father," said Ipsistos; and he placed before the aged man, the viands which had been given him by the High Priest of the Temple.

"Ha! my son,—be thou blessed among the sons of men, as thou art blest and beloved by thy sire. Whence got'st thou these meats—this bread, and the luscious grapes which thou puttest before me."

"From Bermahdi."

"From Bermahdi!—Blessed be Bermahdi—blessed be the Holy Temple—forever honored the Goddess therein."

And the aged man kneeled as he said these words, and the young women and the sons kneeled also, all but Ipsistos.

"How, my son,—wherefore kneelest thou not with us?—would'st thou withhold thy blessings and thy thanks?"

"My thanks have been already given, my father. I have spoken with Bermahdi in the temple."

"In the temple!—Ha! Have I been so blessed in my old age to behold a son of mine who hath had admittance to the temple of the Goddess. Let me look upon thee,—let me kneel to thee my son, for of a truth, the Goddess hath greatly favored thee."

"Kneel not to me,—look not upon me, father, but eat of the meats sent thee by Bermahdi. I am blind, and weak, and not worthy of thy regard."

"But thou saw'st the wondrous things of the temple, my son,—the giants which are there fettered beneath the feet of the Goddess,—the sacred serpent that speaks at her bidding,—the holy owl of counsel, and the ape, the ox, the emeralds—"

"I saw many things, my father, of which I took little heed."

"Little heed, my son,—little heed! What meanest thou? Thou took'st little heed of what thou saw'st in the temple! What! thou was't frightened;

the wonders overcame thee? Thou wert blinded and astonished by the blaze. It was enough, my son, to confound thee. It is my wonder how thou saw'st any thing,—how thou cam'st alive from that glorious presence. But the Goddess strengthens whom she loves, and by these tokens, Ipsistos, thou art beloved by the Goddess. Grant it be so,—grant it be,—then would my gray hairs go down to the grave in peace."

But far other was the prayer in the heart of Ipsistos, and he turned away in silence from the admiring gaze which the doting old man fixed upon him. And the brothers and sisters murmured among themselves and marvelled much at the favor of the Goddess towards Ipsistos. And they said, "Wherefore is this favor of Bermahdi? Have we not been the first ever to bring our offerings to the temple? Though they were mean, yet we brought of the best in our store; and our prayers and songs were the loudest in the presence of the Goddess. And was not Ipsistos a loiterer by the way-side, and when did he raise voice or song in honor of the temple? The Goddess hath surely meant, for one of us, the favor which Bermahdi hath so blindly bestowed on him."

"And what said Bermahdi to thee, my son?" demanded the grandsire.

"He would have me in the service of the Goddess," replied Ipsistos.

"Ha! thou dost not say it!" cried the rejoicing father.

"He! a servant in the temple!" cried the eldest of the brothers.—"Ha! ha! ha! This is a folly, if not worse. Thou speak'st idly, Ipsistos,—I trust thou dost not wilfully declare thy falsehood."

"I speak the truth only, my brother," meekly replied Ipsistos.

"I will not believe it," cried the rest.—"Wherefore should they make thee a servant in the temple. What hast thou,—what art thou? Thou art mad, Ipsistos. Thou art poor, and what is thy father? Made he not bricks for the city, even for those who are now living and can declare his craft; and what is thy craft, but the same, Ipsistos, which thou art only too idle to follow."

"True, true, Ipsistos,—thou must surely err in this," cried the old man sorrowfully.—"Wherefore should Bermahdi choose thee to serve in the temple. Thy brothers speak but reason;—and yet, my children, Ipsistos hath never yet told me but the truth."

"And it is the truth only which I tell thee now, my father. Bermahdi hath commanded me to serve in the temple, in season to become a Priest."

"A Priest!" cried the elder brother in amazement.

"A Priest!" cried they all in wonder at the apparent madness or gross presumption of the youth.

"Thou, a Priest!" said the elder brother.—"What should make thee a Priest, when thy awkward hands let fall the garlands ere they reach the altar."

"Thou, a Priest!" exclaimed the eldest sister.—"How would thy long arms look in the holy garments!—they would drag about thy heels like a great mill-sack."

"Only to think," said the younger sister, the favorite of Ipsistos, "only to think of making thee a Priest, Ipsistos, when I have ridden upon thy shoulders a thousand times."

"Nay, flout not thy brother, my children,—ye make me sad as I behold his sorrows. Flout him not, though, in truth, my son, thy story is most strange."

"Yet true, my father. Do not these fruits speak for me? They are from the altar of the temple."

This could not be denied. The brothers and sisters of the youth had seen them carried to the temple. And the old man marvelled much upon the mystery; he could not yet be satisfied of his son's truth, for when had the son of a maker of brick, been called to such sacred office. Meanwhile, a greivous suspicion of Ipsistos grew in the hearts of his brethren. And they whispered among themselves, and their evil thought came to the ears of the father.

"He hath stolen these things from the altar of the Goddess. Of a truth he hath committed sacrilege."

And with these words the aged man dashed from his lips the untasted viands, and his jaws were distended with the horror of the thought.

"What hast thou done, Ipsistos? My son, my best beloved, wherefore hast thou done this thing?"

"They wrong me, my father, for of a truth, I am not guilty of this base crime. The fruits were given to me for thee by the hands of Bermahdi."

"Swear it, by the temple and the Goddess! and I will believe thee," said the father.

"It will not then be a greater truth than it is now, my father. Believe me, as I tell thee, but I will not swear;" and he rushed from the dwelling as he spoke these words.

"He is guilty!" cried the brothers with joy, but the old man hung his head in shame.

"Alas!" he cried, "wherefore was I born to this dishonor."

And the sons hurried away to the Chief Priest to declare the theft and to restore the consecrated fruits; but the old man lay upon his face at the door of his habitation and would not be comforted.

VII.

"And ye say," said Bermahdi, to the brethren of Ipsistos, "ye say that your brother is no true servant of the Goddess,—that he bows not in reverence at her altars,—that he gives not his soul with the fruits which he offers,—that he loves not her high places, nor the Holy Priesthood that minister before her?"

"Of a truth, we say it," replied the envious brethren.

"Ye are wrong," answered to them the High Priest, "ye know not the heart of your brother. What though he worship in another fashion from ye, still is he a devout worshipper. I have seen into his soul, my children; it is no less pure than yours. The Goddess hath chosen him for her altars, and ye are no less honored in her choice than is he. Hence was her gift to him, for thy grandsire, of the fruits and meats which he carried home to your habitation. Do him no injustice, therefore, by your ungentle thoughts, for truly do I hold him honest. Yet, I would not, that ye should hold me unnoteful of your zeal. Ye shall give it employment. See that Ipsistos

lacks not, nor falls short, in his flow of service. If ye deem him laggard,—if ye note any falling off in his outward devotions, though it may import no loss of love within,—yet bring me true report of his backslidings, that I may counsel him providently, and tutor him unto the good work which is ready for his hands. And, as ye have so fully shown your zeal for the altars of the Goddess, ye shall have like share with your brother of the fruits therefrom. Take ye, and eat, and bear ye home to your grandsire, of the fruits which remain unconsumed. And let this be a sign unto ye, that ye are all the care of the Goddess, and your house henceforward shall be the abiding place of blessing and abundance. Go ye now,—remember well what I have spoken in your ears touching the devotion of Ipsistos, and come to me and reveal in secret what ye may misdeem of his thoughts and misdoing; for though I believe not that your brother is erring, yet the best of us falter in our walks of duty, and the strongest sink at times under a weakness of sinew which should make them sorrowful and ashamed. Go now, and the blessing of the Goddess be upon ye."

And the brethren of Ipsistos, went away with hearts of rejoicing and with hands of plenty; and they rejoiced not more because of the favor of the Goddess than of the charge which had been given them to be watchful of the doings of their brother. And in their hearts they abused the counsels of the holy Bermahdi, for, whereas, he had given it in charge to them to report on the backslidings of Ipsistos that he might be providently led back into the fold of the temple, and they took his words as a direction to find evil in his wanderings, and to prove the flaws in all his performances. And those that Bermahdi had named as zealous for the Goddess, grew to be zealous spies upon the failings of their brother; and in their hearts they said,—

"Bermahdi will punish Ipsistos if he goes aside from the path leading to the temple. He means not to counsel but to condemn, for is not the Goddess a jealous Goddess, and does not her breath destroy the offender, though it be a sin of his ignorance only, and his first sin. Of a surety will she destroy this brother, whose pride of heart lifts him above us, and who, in a vain conceit of soul, thinks to be wiser than his father. Well—he shall not be missed when Bermahdi calls for the victim."

Thus communing, they returned to the dwelling of their father, and their hearts were filled with wrath when they found that their grandsire now loved Ipsistos more than before, and took but little heed of the abundance of fruits which they had brought with them from the temple. And he called upon them to rejoice with him and to implore blessings upon their brother, saying,—

"Verily, Ipsistos, my son, thou art my best beloved, and the favorite of the Goddess. Join with me, my children, and give praise to your brother; for he hath cheered our hearth with the blessings of heaven, and hath smoothed my passage to the tomb. Blessed of the Goddess, Ipsistos, be thou also the blessed of thy father and thy brethren."

And the brothers murmured among themselves, and, more than ever, they hated him by reason of the exceeding love of their father. All hated him but the young maiden, his sister, the youngest of all, whose name was

Damaina; and she flung herself upon the neck of Ipsistos, and called him her dear brother, and shed tears of joy and reverence upon his neck. And the brothers turned from beholding her, and they spake together apart, and they asked of each other how best they should obey the commands of Bermahdi, and seek out the backslidings of Ipsistos.

VIII.

But the youth heeded not their doings, nor imagined the feelings in their hearts. In his own a sweet sadness prevailed, a shadow from his searching thought, that moved over strangest places, and wandered into worlds far beyond his arm. His life strayed afar from the accustomed paths of his boyhood; for the voice was ever in his ears,—the voice whose tones were a perfect melody which he might not resist,—and they led him away from the crowded places, and they tempted him to fields which had ever been forbid. In the presence of his brethren he had little comfort, and his mood found no fellowship among those who had once given him most sweet society. With sad eyes, but without complaint, did his grandsire behold the shadow that was upon the youth, and the friends of his boyhood, and his young sister Damaina, the best beloved of all, reproached him loudly for his desertion. But Ipsistos only sighed to them in return; and he walked apart to hide the tears which were in his eyes, though his heart was softened only with a becoming joy.

"They chafe with me now," he said to himself in musing, "but will they chafe with me when I bring them to a sight of her whom my soul loveth; when they look upon the divine light of her eyes, and feel the blessed tones of her voice sink like a blessing from heaven into their hearts."

And a holy pride filled his bosom as he thought that he should bring those who loved him to such superior enjoyment. And he followed the voice; and came to a mighty wood which was dusky with gigantic forms each having a double shadow. And he wandered away among the shadows 'till they grew like a bannered army around him, and he laid himself down at their feet, and they hung above him, and he thought unutterable things. But the thoughts gave him pain at length, for they came like pictures that pass rapidly in the uncertain light before the eye. And he failed to know them or perceive their offices. Vainly did he strive to fix them with his revolving mind; but they fled from him, looking behind them as they fled, and showing him glimpses of their beguiling features. Through the dim mazes of his thought he struggled to trace their flight, but others came between, and so he was confounded; and he prayed for counsel and help from the voice, and even as he prayed he slept.

IX.

And the sleep of the youth was troubled, and strange visions prevailed in his slumbers. A thousand streaming lights, that seemed half girt with a drapery of cloud, danced around him in the closing void. Then, as they departed, mighty shadows rose even from the earth at his feet, and they floated away from before his sight, only to give place to other and mightier shadows yet. There came in sable and timed array,—a gorgeous company

of trooping forms, having strange shapes that yielded to the light; and they bore solemn banners that went trailing through the sky. Then, a mightier form than all the rest,—a shadowless form, full of light that yet gave none forth,—came following after, and Ipsistos saw that it wore a crown upon its head, and yet the face beneath it was hidden from his straining gaze. From the midst of the crown rose a broad tongue of flame, that waved to and fro among the clouds by reason of the rapid motion of the shadow. And the shadow stood still when it hung above the spot where the youth was sleeping, and the tongue of fire which was upon the crown ceased to move in the wind. And, even as he looked, Ipsistos beheld a sheet of flame pass out from the tongue, and it fell from cloud to cloud, and it parted them all, and it rested upon his own forehead. And at the same moment the mighty shadows which had hung around him, with brows of dusk and threatening, took to flight with a rushing noise, and the youth could hear them scream while they flew, as if pursued by a mighty terror. And a bright light, like the bursting of a meteor, gathered around him, and he heard a voice like that which had counselled him before, louder and more piercing but not less musical, that stopt his ascending spirit, and riveted his wandering thought.

"Arise, Ipsistos, thou art called unto thy office. Thy sleep is over. The light is around thee,—the promise of the day. Tarry not, but come."

And a shivering fell upon the sleeper as he heard these warning accents, and marvelled at the increased power of the voice: and his heart sunk within him, not as he felt unwillingness to serve as he was bidden, but because he despaired of doing his service fitly, by reason of his inability. And he said to himself as he awakened,—

"Now, wherefore, should I be chosen for this mighty work? Am I not the son of the brick-maker,—is not my extraction mean, and, of a certainty, I have not been taught in the mysteries of the college, nor in the divine languages of past ages? I am but mocked with this sweet delusion,—I do cheat myself with the vanities of mine own heart."

And the voice came to his ears again from among the pale groves, that lay behind him in the silence of their birth-hour. And the voice was sweeter in his ears than ever, and it was strong also. And it cheered him with words of encouragement.

"Wherefore should'st thou doubt of thy own fitness, for the work of her whom thou lovest? I tell thee, Ipsistos, that the servant is honored by the service, and the work of truth takes no honor from the proudest and the wealthiest,—nay, not even from the wisest in the land. Thy humility is becoming in thee, and is the best wisdom thou canst bring to my service. But thou must be bold too, and confident,—humble, because thou well knowest how little is thy knowledge in respect to truth,—bold, as it is thy purpose to have knowledge of the truth only. Come to me in this valley of shadow,—build here thy altars; and hither bring the constant offering of thy heart, not of thy hands. Come."

And the voice melted away in his ears, and the youth heard nothing but the murmuring of the wind as it streamed upon its way among the branches of the bending lindens. But he rose as he was bidden, and went forward to

the silent dwelling of the shade from whence the sounds had arisen. And, as his feet faltered, by reason of his uncertainty, the voice whispered him on his true path, and strengthened him to come.

X.

And Ipsistos sought the pale groves where the voice dwelt, and he entered them with fear and trembling. A mystery hung over them like that which hangs above the mansion in the dreams and darkness of the night. And a sound, like that of a complaining water, that keeps a ceaseless travel through all hours, and murmurs as it has no rest, filled the groves; and he heard no other sound. And he prayed that he might hearken to the voice again; and it fell upon his ears like a string smitten by the winds at a far distance; and the youth lay upon his face and trembled, for the words of the voice had no meaning to his ears. But while he lay upon the earth, and moaned in his grief, he felt the breathing of a warm air around him; and when he looked up, lo! a bright eye was gazing down upon him from the leaves of the tree above his head. And he saw nothing but the eye; but he straightway knew it for the eye of the voice whose blessed sounds had sunk so deeply into his heart: and he murmured a fond prayer of thanksgiving for the blessing which had been vouchsafed him, even according to the promise of the voice in his behalf. "Thou shalt not see me,—thou canst not see me, even if thou wouldst and I were willing,—until the scales have fallen from thine eyes, and until thou hast unlearned much which stands in the way of thy knowledge now; but"—and with glad heart, did he remember the promise of the voice, "when thou givest up thy whole soul in my service then shall my features come out before thee." And the youth prayed fervently for the consummation of the blessed promise, for his heart was full of the beauty of the eye which looked down upon him from the cloud, and with the sweetness of that melodious voice which had cheered him and led him on his rightful path. And, even where he stood, did he build an altar to the voice and the eye, and morning and evening did he steal away from the press of the city to offer up his homage to the divine spirit which he so much loved. And the more bright did the eye appear unto his eyes, and the more musical the voice to his heart, so, in the like degree, did the countenance of the Goddess worshipped by his people, put on frowns. And he now saw what he had not seen before, that in her face were the shadows of many passions of evil which belonged to men. Was not her eye fixed upon him with hate, and did she not smile upon those whom he well knew to be base and unworthy, as they brought her rich offerings which the hand of violence had despoiled from the weak, and the arts of the cunning had inveigled and taken from the confiding. "And can the Goddess be true?" asked Ipsistos of himself, "whose judgments tally not with justice. Shall she smile upon the wrongdoer, and share of the spoil which comes of the wrong. Is mere power, which the wild colt hath in his madness,—a power to destroy,—the sign of the perfect Goddess? Shall my heart receive her laws for truth, and grow fond of her smile, when it approves of violence, and the sin that spoils and strikes?" And the voice in his heart answered "No;"—and with free footsteps he

hurried away at evening to his lonely worship in the forest; and while he prayed, a halo of light gathered about his brow, and, looking upward, he beheld the perfect face of the benign and blessing spirit which he sought.

XI.

He saw the perfect face, and never did the vision of his dreams, or the imaginings of his hopes, seem half so divine or beautiful. The face looked forth from a cloud, the edges of which were transparent with a golden light; and as the lips opened to speak, the words came forth in visible rays, and the sounds fell upon his heart in melody, and the air blossomed with odor. And the light from her lips fell upon his own, and his soul was lifted into the highest hope, when he heard the tones of his own voice and felt that they were like hers. And he gave praises aloud to the divine spirit that looked down upon him, and he spake in song, even in the holy song of the prophets who had perished for the truth. And the voice told him that his song was sweet in her ears and worthy of her altars. Till the night cloud settled down upon the pale groves where he worshipped, did Ipsistos linger in the place which become so holy to his heart; and wings lifted his feet that night when he returned to the humble dwelling of his father.

XII.

Wings lifted his feet, for he had a divine purpose in his heart.

"What!" he exclaimed, "shall my eyes only look upon this gracious presence? Shall this blessing come to me only? Is there none worthy to share with me this joy,—to partake with me of this glorious truth,—to live with me in the triumph which is promised me, and which must be mine!"

And he mused thus by the hearth of his aged grandsire, and he saw not that the old man slept in his seat. Then came to him Damaina, the best beloved of all his sisters, and she threw herself around his neck, and she said to him,—

"See, our grandsire sleepeth, Ipsistos,—he will fall from his chair,—help me to bear him to his couch."

And in his heart an instant voice cried,—

"Thou art she who shall share with me this blessing,—even thou, my gentlest Damaina; for thy heart is pure, and thy soul loveth the truth, and thou hast reverence for the aged, and clamorest not in the high places with the presumption of ignorance. Thou art worthy of this joy, Damaina. It shall be thine!"

And he lifted his sleeping grandsire to his couch of straw, and that night he said nothing to the young maiden. But when the gray dawn had risen to his summits in the East, then did Ipsistos come to the chamber of the maiden, and he cried to her with a persuasive voice, and these were his words,—

"Come forth, Damaina, my beloved. I would have thee go with me. Now, while the day is young, and the hours are blessed with the vigor of a night's repose, go forth with me into the forest. I will show thee some precious flowers, and thine eyes shall behold a loveliness which they hast never seen before!"

And the maiden came forth with the step that dances to the music of a gentle heart and a youthful but pure fancy.

"Whither dost thou lead me, my brother? But I care not where. I know thy walks must be the loveliest, for well I know how much thou seekest the things which are so. Lead me then, my brother,—I will joy in the flowers which give thee joy; and my heart shall drink in the same sweets with thine."

And Ipsistos rejoiced greatly because of the fondness of the maiden.

"If she will love the things which I love," he mused to his own soul, "she will soon see the glories which delight mine eye."

And he led her to the pale groves where he worshipped; and he shewed her the simple temple which his hands had built. And he bowed himself before the temple, and he called upon the maiden to do likewise.

"Wherefore, my brother?" asked Damaina.

"It is the temple of the true Goddess, my sister. I have beheld her divine presence even among these trees. She will be with me anon."

But the maiden trembled, and forebore to kneel with her brother by whose words her soul was confounded.

"What altar is this for the Goddess,—what true Goddess is this of whom thou speakest, Ipsistos?"

"She who is truth,—whom the truth alone makes beautiful,—makes strong,—makes immortal."

"Ha! my brother,—but these words of thine are strange to mine ears. Have we not long worshipped this Goddess? Stands not her white temple upon the high hill that looks down upon the city of our fathers?"

"No! her temple is in the white heart! It is with you and with me, my sister, if we blind not ourselves wilfully, and refuse not to yield our hearts to the truth. Stay,—hear you not her voice?"

"I hear nothing, my brother, but a faint murmur as of a wind that sighs among the decaying trees."

"It is her voice! Kneel with me, dearest sister, and the melody shall sink into your heart."

But Damaina did not then kneel by reason of her great surprise. But Ipsistos knelt, and he prayed with a passionate plea that the sweet voice should fill the ears of the sister whom he loved. And when the maiden heard his prayer, her heart strove within her; and she mused to herself and said,—

"Surely this brother loves me,—surely he is wise and good;"—and even while he prayed she sank down on the turf beside him, and her prayers were joined with his. And the sound, which was but a murmur in her ears before, now took a shape of music,—faint at first as the first plainings of the harp troubled by the rising wind, but gathering into fullness at last, and swelling into expression that will not be restrained. The heart of the maiden trembled within her, but it was with a new-born joy, and not with any fear, that it trembled; and she began to love the voice with a love like that of Ipsistos, though, to this time, she had no knowledge of the blessed spirit which he had seen, save by the gentle tones with which she had spoken to her ears. Yet, all the while that she prayed beside her brother, the face

was looking down upon them both, though the maiden beheld it not. And the eyes of Ipsistos were opened, and he beheld the form of the true Goddess, even as she had promised that he should behold her. And she smiled upon him, so that he felt the wings growing upon his shoulders, but her words were grave in his ears.

"Thy prayer is granted thee, Ipsistos,—thou hast seen me according to the desire of thy heart. But thy hour is at hand, my son,—thou hast but little time to live."

And the youth bowed his face to the earth and his heart spoke in prayer.

"Art thou ready, Ipsistos? The death-angel will demand thee soon."

And the youth replied sadly but without faltering,—

"Joy of divine Love, I am ready."

And the lovely image faded away in a sweet smile from his sight, and the music died away among the pale groves; and the two, Ipsistos and Damaina, rose from the place where they had worshipped; and their souls were lifted into thought so that neither spoke as they took their way, with slow feet, back to the habitation of their father. Yet the words of the voice to Ipsistos, came not to the ears of Damaina, neither did his lips reveal to her the doom which awaited him.

XIII.

And towards evening the two went again to the place of their secret worship. But this time they went not in secret. Eyes were upon them that regarded not the object of their devotion, and hearts were busy to find evil in the things which their hearts desired. The brethren to whom Bermahdi had given it in charge to heed the backslidings of Ipsistos followed with cautious footsteps upon his path, and beheld the place where he worshipped. And they took heed that he bent himself down before the altar which his own hands had raised, and that he prayed to other than the Goddess of the temple. And they hurried to the Chief Priest with the tidings, and he gave them a rich bounty and much praise for their zeal in his behalf. And he bade them keep secret what they had seen, and seek out more knowledge yet of the doings of Ipsistos. And they were spies set upon their brother, who told the Chief Priest of his outgoings and followed him from place to place. But nothing did they say of Damaina, the sweet maiden, who bowed with her brother before the strange altar of his worship. And nothing did Ipsistos know of the doings of his brothers, and he gave little heed to his fears that counselled him to be cautious in what he did. For the spirit of truth which he worshipped, worked within him, and a fire lighted up his tongue. So that when the elders, and the chiefs, and the rulers of the people were gathered together in the high places, he could not be kept from speech, and he came to where they were assembled; and he penetrated into the high places, even among the mighty men of the city, the famous in arts and arms, the sages and the law-givers. And he cried to them with a loud voice, and all fear had utterly gone out of his heart. And he told them of the wonders which his eyes had seen, and his ears had heard, even of the wonders of that new Goddess which had vouchsafed to smile upon one so lowly. And he prayed that they might give

heed to his counsels, that they might be blessed also by her countenance. And he would have led them to his place of worship, even to the pale groves where he had raised his altar; but they mocked at his madness, and marvelled at the fondness of the youth. And they were astounded, and said, one to another, "Who is he that speaks to us with so bold a voice,—is he not one of the dust-carriers?—wears he not of the blue which is the cloth of the laborer,—is he not of the suburbs, the son of the brick-maker?" And they drove him out from among them, and they shut the door against him.

XIV.

Then Ipsistos, with a heart sore for his people, went into the market place where were gathered together many of his own condition, and to these he cried aloud, and he prayed that they might give ear to his tidings, and he promised to show them strange things. And they were angered when they beheld him on the eminence and hearkened to the words of his exhortations. And one said,—

"Is not this Ipsistos, the son of the brick-maker,—and shall one of our own sort claim to be wiser than we?"

And another cried,—

"The mortar is even now upon his jacket, yet would he talk for the Magi."

"Where should he get this impudence," cried a third, "to speak to us in words of counsel? Were we not boys together,—have we not often played together on the same hill-side?"

"I know him well; he liveth in our street,—he is a fool that dreams,—let us stop his mouth."

Then came one from Bermahdi, the High Priest, who whispered in the ear of a huge man whose anger was greater than the rest, and these were the words of his speech,—

"Thrust him down, brother, he is insolent;—doth he pretend to be wiser than we,—thrust him down, I tell you;—it shall be good if we do so."

Then said another who came from Bermahdi,—

"He hath reviled the Goddess, whose white temple is upon the hill;—thrust him down,—let the grass grow in his mouth."

"Stone him!" cried a third.

And the huge man whose name was Brassid, lifted a rock and flung it at Ipsistos, and the rock smote the youth upon the ear and sorely wounded him. And Ipsistos fled from the wrath of the multitude; and he fled, not from fear but from sorrow, as he beheld many among the multitude with whom he had played even when a boy. And he had a purpose in his flight, and he fled towards the pale groves where he had raised the altar. And the multitude pursued him, and they reviled him and stoned him as he fled. But when the youth reached the groves he paused in his flight, and he turned full upon the multitude,—and his eye was lifted, and he beheld the Goddess whom he worshipped looking down upon him from the cloud. And the sweet voice spoke in his ears,—

"Ipsistos,—thy hour is come!"

"Let the hour be blessed by thee, oh! image of divinest joy, and thy servant hath no fears. He is ready."

And he laid his hand upon the horns of the altar, and he looked out upon the multitude. And he began a song of thanksgiving and of praise, though their voices were bitter with revilings. And they rushed upon him where he stood, and they tore him from the horns of the altar. With a blind fury they set upon him, and the strong men seized each of them a limb. And Brassid was the man who bade them do violence upon him. And they dragged the youth to and fro, and they rent his limbs apart, and scattered them asunder even while the life struggled in his bosom. And when they had done the deed, they were confounded, and knew not what they had done. But Brassid, the strong, who was of a mean craft, he laughed to scorn the confusion of the multitude. And with loud cries he rushed upon the altar which Ipsistos had raised with his own hands, and he would have torn the altar from its place, but a sudden fear seized upon him, For a bright eye looked out upon him from the cloud, with a look of exceeding sorrow; and the sounds of a sad voice came upon his ears like a passing wind; and these were the words of the voice,—

"What! ye have slain your master,—he who hath wrought for you; and now would you destroy his work. Go!—but come to me at evening."

And none saw the eye, or heard the voice, but Brassid, and, for a brief time, he was too greatly astonished to speak. And the people would have rushed upon the altar even as he had done, but he stayed their fury:

"Enough! Wherefore should we pull down this pile which is but of wood, and the work of him whom we have destroyed. Let it stand in token of his folly."

And he led the multitude back to the city, but the voice went with him.

XV.

And the aged man, the grandsire of Ipsistos, died that night by reason of his exceeding grief; and the house of the brethren was the house of mourning. But Damaina, the young sister of Ipsistos, she stayed not to join with them in the song of lamentation. Her heart was with Ipsistos by the lonely altar among the pale groves of the forest. And though it was a fear of the wrath of the multitude that kept the brethren away from seeking his mangled remains to give them burial, yet no such fear stayed the footsteps of Damaina. And she went forth from the dwelling when no one beheld her, and with a sorrow that was beyond any dread of what the vengeance of man could do, and she sought out the place of worship in the forest, even among the dusky shadows of the night. And lo! when she came to the spot a bright halo was shining above the altar. And wherever a limb of Ipsistos had fallen, there also hung a silver light; and by this token the maiden well knew that the lovely Goddess smiled upon the purpose which was in her heart. And the maiden gathered up the scattered remains and she looked about for a place to lay them; and even while she looked, the earth opened before her at the foot of the altar, and a flame like a flame from heaven came down and hung above the place. Then did Damaina see the meaning of the Goddess whom her brother had loved, and she laid his bleeding

limbs therein. And the earth closed over them when she had done; and she prayed with a fond heart above the grave. And her prayer was accepted, and she saw the bright face looking down upon her, even as it had looked down upon Ipsistos; and by this sign did the maiden know that the blessing of truth was growing perfected in her heart. And while she kneeled before the altar she heard the footsteps of one approaching, and she would have risen in fear, and fled from the place, because of the night. But the voice of the Goddess commanded her to stay and fear nothing.

"He who cometh," said the voice, "is a worshipper like thyself. He will do thee no manner of harm."

And it was Brassid that came; he who led the multitude against Ipsistos; and the maiden trembled when she beheld him in spite of the promise of the Goddess. But Brassid approached the altar with a trembling greater than her own. And the strong man humbled himself with his face in the dust ere he drew nigh unto the altar. He had no strength in his limbs because of the guilt in his heart, and he prayed like one who repenteth and is full of sorrow for his misdeeds. Then Damaina, the maiden, had pity of his sufferings, even though he smote her brother, and she prayed to the Goddess in his behalf. And he cried,—

"Who art thou that pleadest for a wretch like me. Know'st thou not that blood is on my hands,—even the blood of the good and the innocent?"

Then the maiden answered him, saying,—

"I am the maiden Damaina, even she, the best beloved sister of Ipsistos, whom thy hand hath slain; but if thou weepst for that deed, shall I not forgive thee, with a heart as tender of mercy as thine own? Bear witness, oh, beautiful Goddess whom my brother loved, bear witness that I forgive this unhappy man,—even from my inmost heart do I forgive him."

While thus she prayed before the altar, the pale groves were lighted with a sudden glory; and the two beheld the bright face, and the lovely features of the Goddess, and her words came to them in authority. And she bade the man, even Brassid who slew Ipsistos, draw nigh to the altar, and when he came as he was commanded, and bowed by the side of Damaina, lo! it was the form of Ipsistos that stood between them,—and the image of the youth smiled sweetly upon him, even upon Brassid his murderer, and his words were these in his ears:

"You have driven me from the work which was assigned me,—it is commanded that you labor to the fulfilment thereof. Go therefore, and the smile of the Goddess be with you;—in my blood shall ye find a cement which shall build a stronger and a higher temple than the white temple upon the hill."

And Ipsistos spake nothing to Damaina, but he looked upon her with a smile of blessing and love, and so passed from her sight.

XVI.

And from that hour a power seemed given unto Brassid to work great things. And he went among the people of his craft in the market place, and he taught them, so that they hearkened with reverence to his voice. And the people came to hear him from all quarters of the city, and after

hearing him they went away sad and thoughtful. Day by day, and night by night, without weariness and without fear, did Brassid teach along the highways, of the wonders which he had seen, and the greater wonders which he had heard and a power was given to him of the Goddess, so that whoso came to hear, though it were in scorn only, remained to do homage to the wondrous truths which he brought, and followed him, by reason of this homage, whithersoever he went. And the numbers increased daily of those who followed him. Then did the chief men of the city hold counsel with the Priests of the temple upon the hill, how best to overcome this preacher of strange doctrines. And they sent persons against them with authority to seize and punish. But the multitude rose up in defence of Brassid, even as they had risen against Ipsistos at his summons, and they pelted the servants of the temple with stones, and they ran furiously upon the temple. And they dragged the Goddess from her throne, and they drove forth the Priests from within it. And Brassid bade them smite the head from the false Goddess, and drag her carcass in the dust. And they tore the white temple asunder so that one stone stood not up against another. And when this had been done, then did Brassid bid them bring the white marble of the temple to the pale groves where Ipsistos had built his altar, and they raised a temple loftier than that upon the hill, and they raised it even over the grave of Ipsistos whom they had slain. And in the temple over against the altar there descended a divine form from heaven, but over the face thereof hung a bright and shining veil: and on the veil was written these words:

"To those, only, who, like Ipsistos, love me ere yet they have known me, my veil shall be uplifted."

And the people built a high monument to the memory of Ipsistos with the huge stones with which they had slain him; and Brassid wrote the inscription upon the monument, which was as follows:

"IPSISTOS!

We, who hated the truth, slew him

Because he loved it:

May the truth teach us better knowledge

Of our friends, so that we cut not off our own heads!"

But Damaina, the sister of Ipsistos, beheld nothing of these things. They saw her not after that hour when the Goddess had given it in charge to Brassid to complete the labor of Ipsistos. And they raised for her a tomb beside that of her brother, but left open the door thereof as thinking she might yet come. But she came not.

JOAN OF ARC.

THERE was a tramp of many feet,
And horses prancing round,—
Gay banners waving in the street,
And laughter's jocund sound.
Priest, noble, peasant, a' were there;
And bright was beauty's eye;
While shouts of triumph on the air,
Went soaring to the sky.
And sunlight on the towers of Rheims
Flooded the air with golden gleams.

The massive gates were open thrown,
The gorgeous arches spread,
And still the hurrying crowds passed on
With heavy sounding tread.
Soul stirring music on the air,
Floated in lovely strains;
Mirth reigned supreme, and banished
care
From all her wide domains.
Trode side by side with equal joy,
The white haired man and rosy boy!

For on this glorious day they hold
A nation's jubilee!
And Gaul, resplendent as of old,
Their lovely land, is free!
Their warrior troops are marching on,—
Their youthful King is near;
The shade from France forever gone,
Her fame without a peer!
The ardent crowds impatient wait
Without the ancient city's gate.

Lo! onward with the glancing spear
And glittering mail they come;—
The neighing of their steeds we hear,
The beating of the drum.
Now peals on peals their welcome tell,—
High swells the trumpet song;
And chiming too, the silvery bell
Pours dulcet tones along.
The winds are soft as if the sky
Were fanned by Seraphs soaring by.

"Hail! noble Dunois, warrior bold,
Long live the gallant chief!
For ages shall the deeds be told
Which won his Laurel leaf!
Pass onward with thy warrior train,
And rest in peace awhile;
For soon the clarion's thrilling strain
Shall call thy troops to file:—
Who, marching to the battle-field,
Shall bid the foemen—die or yield!"

He comes!—the Monarch of the land,
With courtly friends around;
His eagle eye befits command,—
His voice hath kingly sound!
With lofty brow exposed and bare,
And graceful head unplumed,
His very smile hath sweetness rare
That could not be assumed.
But who this maid with glowing cheek,
Whose eyes such heav'nly wisdom speak?

With floating plume and helm of gold,
Unsheathed an upright sword,—
Mounted on milk-white steed, behold
The champion of the Lord!
The snowy standard wide unfurled,
Her gentle hand uplifts;
'Gainst her in vain the shaft is hurled,—
Guarded by Heavenly gifts.
It seemed an angel from the sky,
Had flown to save with pitying eye!

She led these hosts to battle dire,
That young and blushing maid,—
And armed men shrank from the fire
Her flashing eye displayed!
Aye! start not at my words, 'tis she,
That slight and fragile thing—
Hath set a hopeless nation free,
And saved her grateful king!
She came, and thousand warriors fled
Before a *woman's* mailed head!

And there, within yon ancient hall
Their youthful King was crowned,
While shouts uprose from one and all,
And echoes swelled around.
And blent with his was Joan's name,—
Dearer than king or queen's;
"Long live," they cried, "for France and
fame,—
The Maiden of Orleans!"
Then turned on her the wondering gaze,
And no one "named her but to praise."

She flung the glittering helmet by,
And bared her lovely brow;
Grief dimmed the triumph of her eye,
And paled her cheeks rich glow.
And kneeling at the monarch's feet,
With tearful glance upraised,
And small hands clasped in union sweet,
That trembled as she gazed:
The weeping maiden asked a boon,—
What can *she* ask not granted soon?

Think ye for wealth the suppliant prayed:
 Proud halls and sweeping lands?
 For serfs, in shining garb arrayed,
 To wait her high commands?
 Around were lords and ladies bright,
 With jewels rich and rare,—
 And many a plume of spotless white
 Was fluttering in the air!
 Perhaps for *these* her spirit sighed
 Amid this scene of wealth and pride.

Perchance she sought for empire's sway,
 A crown to deck her brow!
 A sceptre to command her way,—
 Slaves at her feet to bow!
 Ye little know, if thus ye deem
 The depths of woman's heart!
 Ne'er did her loving spirit seem
 From childhood's hopes to part.
 She only saw the *crown of flowers*
 She twined amid Domremi's bowers!

While swelled the solemn music round,
 And rose the incense high,—
She heard the streamlet's purling sound,
 The breath of fields was nigh.
 For with a gush of pearl-like tears,
 And quivering lip and pale,
 Thus spoke she of her childhood's years,
 And of the lowly vale.
 And as she spoke, the tear-drops dried,
 And flushed her cheek love's living tide.

"I pine for my home
 In the valley's shade,
 Where the flowers first come,
 And the latest fade!
 With their fragrant breath
 They bid me return:
 From their blushing wreath
 A lesson I learn.
 The lowliest blossom
 On earth's fragrant lap
 She clasps to her bosom,
 Secure from mishap;
 But the gilded cup
 That is raised on high,
 When the storm is up
 Is the first to die!

"I have chased the foe
 On the coward flight;
 Like the melting snow
 He was lost to our sight,

But visions of gloom
 Are gathering round—
 I dream of a tomb
 In dishonored ground.
 Let me go and die
 In my childhood's home,
 Where 'neath the blue sky
 I was wont to roam;
 Where the winds that pass
 Shall sigh o'er my grave,
 And the verdant grass
 O'er the dark sod wave!

"By every hope
 Of thy early years,
 Ere the charm was broke
 That bound thy fears;
 By the cross of life,
 And the bliss of Heaven,—
 By the glorious strife,
 And the chain that's riven!
 By the starry light,
 And the promise bow,
 By all that is bright
 In a world of woe;
 Let me rest once more
 In my home's sweet bowers,—
 My mission is o'er,
 And France is ours."

With smiling looks the monarch raised
 And cheered the drooping maid;
 The wondering crowds with murmurs
 Gazed,—
 And sorrow *all* displayed.
 Then lords and ladies thronged around
 With prayers and asking eyes,
 And on her head the helmet bound
 With loud imploring cries.
 She gave her blighted hopes one sigh,—
 Then triumph lit again her eye!

Once more she led the armed host,—
 Alas for Love and Truth!
 Her troops have fled, the day is lost,—
 She perished in her youth!
 Ta'en captive by a ruthless foe,
 And basely led to death,—
 Amid the wreathing flame's fierce glow,
 Was sped her parting breath!
 Her dark forebodings true were proved:
 Shame on the land her spirit loved!

ELORA.

Philadelphia.

MY FIRST LOVE.

GENTLE READER, it hath been ordained, made manifest,—my destiny, to live and never be married! I have watched these delicate creatures, as so many stars, that keep their high stations not for me,—that shine on others and glide from my vision as the false and errant lights of the night! Why should it be thus? Why should a heart instinct with love find no sympathy, no smiles, no discursive langor in the eyes of beauty? Though, now forty years of age, (believe it or not,) up to this date, the 1st day of June, anno domini 1838, and in the sixty-first or sixty-second year of American Independence, (God save the mark,) I have never enjoyed the pleasures of a kiss!—Never kissed!—never touched those rosy ministers, those pouting soothsayers of love!—never tasted the sweets, the thrilling, gushing, prolonged joys of two beautiful,—not bits or parts or parcels,—not—oh! Cupid!—do Tom Moore!—ah Miss R——, snatch me a pen from the wings of “the white doves,” not as they sleep and dream of ice, but just as their eyes glisten at the lip-tilts of their gladsome queen!—Give me an ink, a fluid, an essence sucked from the flushed cheek of Ariadne reposing on the bosom of the wine-god! Send patent steel-pens and goose-quills to the devil or to any lady that cannot feel “the grand passion!” Give me, what?—a single hair from the eye-lash of an houri to describe the lips of a fair lady! Never have I seen these two buds of quiet voluptuousness, that I did not think—not of straight lines, but of spherical angles; for lips to be charming do not present the shortest distance between two points; they are those undulating lines of beauty which have the precise mark and figure of angel’s wings: but unlike angels, they do not fly—unless to other lips!

There is something in these same lips that philosophy never dreamt of,—a hidden mystery above the ken of anchorites or ladies passed their prime. “Sir,” said a great traveller to me, “this kissing is a *sixth sense*, as much so as touch or taste,—it is, but the harmony of all the senses, distilled and clasped in one touch of love; variable in its mode, its pulse, its swell of extasy, yet in some sort ever delightful to the sexes.”*—“Sir,” he continued, “va-

* Never in my dying day shall I forgive Bunyan, for expressing the following sentiments. He says, “I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of woman from my first conversion until now. These know and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of woman I abhor; ’tis odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with! I seldom so much as

riable did I say,—many lips have I kissed:" (happy fellow,) "and from them, even in the dark, could tell from what corner of the world their fair possessor came;—the French lady kisses *poetically*, that is, her kisses—'ten short as one, one long as twenty,' are full of invention, the truest mark of genius. The English lady kisses with a tongue of coy, lambent, half-pettish ardor—the German with lips of Rhenish—the Spanish with *her very eyes*; but your Carolina ladies, (*Heu me miserum*,) never kiss at all." There is the rub; and let it pass:—I shall come to my task,—my first love!

Plato, I am seriously of the opinion, never comprehended first love; for it has more rhyme than reason in it,—more instinct than philosophy. When gentlemen begin to curl their whiskers they have bidden it adieu, and ladies only syllable and look it, after once squeezing through the ordeal of the admired waltz. Now love is like the flower,—in the bud it hides its virginal bloom under shading leaves, and chary of the nightly dew opens not its bosom to the wanton sun,—it lets to the eye, only glimpses of its flushed beauty, when the rude wind tears aside the modest attire in which its young life palpitates. There is no lavishment of looks,—no fragrance in it for the world's gross appetite; it clasps its sweetness mutely to itself, and thus is honored and admired! This is first love, young, innocent, dreamy love! But when years have overshoot "the teens," it grows to a rose of expanded sense, which dropping a fragrant petal to every hand, even courts the gamesome air!

Such is first love, before my lord and lady write themselves down twenty-one; and it was before this age, for which ladies of a certain prime so often sigh, that I was introduced to cousin Clara—my first love! We were then twelve years old,—took our tea and bread together, and romped and fondled as children ought. Such a thing as a novel we wotted not. We learned our lessons, said our prayers and tarried by the fire-side; where, we often heard our aged grand parents speak words of truth and soberness. Unlike my widow, Clara was then an artless beauty, without paint or bustle, with eyes of jet, and cheeks the color of the peach blossom. She was not yet affected with that fashionable malady, under the influence of which, some ladies often, more es-

touch a woman's hand; for I think these things not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them, it is not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged *the holy kiss*; but then I have asked why they made baulks?—*why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favored go?*"

pecially in church, or at the theatre, mistake a gentleman's eyes for the looking-glass. Nor had she ever heard a syllable of Ovid; and therefore did not conceive what he so happily calls "*oculos eruditos*,"—that is, learned eyes, or eyes pregnant with languishment, side looks, witty leers, winks of coy import and ogles eloquent. Her looks were looks of virtue, free of guile, confiding, graceful, and charged with mirth! Such was Clara before I went to college: on my return after a lapse of four years who could have anticipated her change? The world itself had changed. Ladies now adjured their needles and indited madrigals, in which ah and oh, alas and heigho, would jingle like bells on the King's fool. Dress had become a perilous art. Ladies' pantalettes showed a fearful *imperium in imperio*! The use of bustles proved, if Mrs. Summerville did write a book on nature, there were other ladies, who could *paint* nature and patch it to greater admiration. The vexed question of the Academies had been settled,—that is, that the beauty of a painting consisted, not so much in a close adherence to nature, as in selecting her most interesting parts, and embodying them in one figure—to wit, ladies without color, could now buy it of the apothecary; and with modulated buckram, emulate the bust and plump anatomy of the Venus. Now that I recollect this was only the mode of France,—for, a gentleman dancing some twenty years since, at a ball in Paris, was so unfortunate as to have the calf of one of his legs slip before.—"Never mind," said his agreeable partner, "hereafter employ Monsieur B——; he fits me excellently,—I can dance all night, and no part of me will slip off."—"Look here," she continued, showing the most beautifully developed part of her figure, "it does not give."

This mode may be all right; the fashionable may have their excuse, if not their justification for it: the time, however, was, in my boyhood, when it had no admirers. Then ladies enveloped their charms in trailing robes. No development from an artful enlargement or shortness of dress was allowed, to tempt the prying eyes. That golden mean was observed, which incites an emotion, thrilling and innocent of mingled sentiment and sense, without the blush, the whisperings or even the shadowing fancies of passion. To mention this when I returned from college, would have been like a story told of the ancient braveries of English dress. A new style prevailed in this particular and in morals.—"For what hath God given you all this beauty?" a rigid divine once enquired of a very fascinating Aspasia. "To please the gentlemen," was her ready and unexpected reply. And truly it seemed all was now said and done to please the gentlemen. In dress little was left to entertain the imagination,—the eye had nearly seen all,—the consecrate mystery, that like a *reserved* being hid in the bright skies,

enabled beauty to melt and subdue the most obdurate hearts, had been nearly exposed to profane looks; and almost bereft of her enchanted armor, she walked the streets in attire, somewhat like the Indian, who said he did not take cold, because he was face all over!

In the midst of this conventional revolution, while its fury had risen far higher than the contemplation of a lady's pretty ankle, I returned, animated with the most delightful reminiscences of the young and innocent being, whose image of loveliness had so long been engraved on my heart. And scarcely a day passed over, when myself and father were invited to a party given at the house of my fair cousin,—a literary soiree as her card expressed it. The old gentleman had for several years past avoided society, and at first refused to go, until persuaded by my entreaties; and doubtless, anxious to see what sort of a figure his only son would make in company, he consented to be present in the course of the evening.

Fancy me now, gentle reader, entering a well lighted hall, occupied by ladies and gentlemen; with here and there a table groaning under huge piles of modern books. As I entered a buzz of 'Novel, novel!' arrested my attention.

"Not Mr. Novel," said I to the servant, "Mr. Cœlebs has called."

The servant extended my address, which was unheard in another burst of—"Oh fine, brilliant, magnificent, delicious."—A very flattering reception, thought I, if these exclamations be intended for me.

I now addressed myself to one of the company,—"**NOVEL**" was the answer. I turned my ears and eyes around, and "*Novel, Novel,*" came like the harmony of so many sheep-baas from each corner of the room. Novel was on the tongues of all,—the subject, attribute and object of every sentence.

"How are you?" I enquired of a gentleman I recognized.

"*Magnificent,*" he replied to another person, as he abruptly turned his back on me.

"Allow me, Madam, to ask after your health," said I to a lady.

"No Sir," said she, "that sweet novel!"

In God's name, said I to myself, what is the meaning of all this?

"Sir," I inquired of a gentleman, "are you speaking of Justinian's novels?"

"No Sir," he replied, "I know of no such author,—I question whether he ever wrote a novel; he is not in the catalogue of the circulating library?"

"Yes Sir," I rejoined, pleased to have a listener, "that is, he did not write them himself,—they were compiled under his direction."

"A Yankee affair, I suppose," said he pulling up his shirt collar, "a new novel magazine;" and in a moment he was off in the crowd.

"Sir," said I, addressing another gentleman, "pardon me,—I am

at a loss,—this novel seems to be an all-absorbing topic, which I cannot fathom. Is this company speaking of Boccacio's novels? Probably they would revive the custom, which old Burton says in his day, was an evening's entertainment—to read Boccaccio?"

With evident surprise, he replied, "The Burton you enquire for, sells sausages on the Bay, and is never admitted into genteel society."

Here again I was at a pause,—in a droll predicament,—a graduate of one of the best schools of learning in the union, unable to understand or make myself understood in literary society. My pride was not a little disturbed, and trembling and blushing I sought the presence of "my first love," hoping that I would catch in the language of her eyes, if not her lips, a sincere and pleasant recognition. There she was in the prime of womanhood,—her beauties blown out to the very mould of loveliness! There she was,—her cheeks flushed—her eyes sparkling! One tapering finger she elevated, which ever and anon, she slapped on the palm of her hand to emphasize what she was saying: and then she paused as if overcome,—pressed to a forehead whiter than snow, her little fingers, through which her dark ringlets could be seen glistening in the mellow light, and uplifting her eyes in Asiatic pomp, she exclaimed,—"**OH HEAVEN!**"

Now standing on the tip ends of her kid slippers and straining every muscle to rise to an elevation fitting the magnitude of her thoughts, until her fair bosom, I solemnly believe, heaved quicker than the pulses of her agitated heart, she continued,—

"**MAGNIFICENT!**—Yes Sir,—Yes M'am,—all life, fresh, natural, brilliant! Call it a monstrosity?—fudge! Do not artists paint storms,—murders,—rogues,—thieves in fine clothes,—men with shaggy whiskers,—pick-pockets,—hurricanes? And are there no hurricanes of the hearts,—no blue skies,—no gentle loves,—no monsters for the novelist? Monstrosities indeed! Yes Sir," (addressing a little French gentleman, who bowed and said ees to all she uttered,)—"the style, too, condemned.—Too brilliant, Sir?" she asked, as with a sweep of the hand she discomposed Monsieur's shirt ruffles, which he gracefully set about arranging,—"**too brilliant, eh?** Sir, their eyes are too weak to gaze upon it,—to read it,—to have its beauties in their leaden souls. What can be more brilliant than this painting?" (pointing to a picture, in my poor judgment, a daub,)—"see how glossy,—how it shines, even at this hour of the night,—how admired in the day time,—how natural,—it is a sun-light piece, so *finely touched that the eye cannot well distinguish the figures*—why Sir?"

"Pourquoi?" said Monsieur.

"Because the sun-light is supposed to blind the eyes or make them dim."

"So 'e shall not see," said Monsieur.

"Sir," continued my first love, "if one paints a night-piece the colors should be dark; if a day-piece, glaring. And this is called daub by the critics;—better had the Mercury been clipt of his wings and his vocation thrown to the dogs, than pass condemnation on a work so brilliant. Sir, the style of that novel is the style of this fine painting!"

"Admirable—fine—just," were the approving words of her enlightened audience.

"Why do I cover this bust with a net-work of gold," she continued.

"To keep off the flies," whispered my old father, who unperceived had approached nigh me.

"Is it not more beautiful," she added, "thus seen than the cold marble with its socketless eyes. The brilliant style of that novel is like this net-work. The eye is charmed by the fitness of it, while the imagination delights to catch glimpses of the bust it partly conceals. Are not ladies handsomest in veils?"

"Oh ees," said Monsieur, "eh bien ees."

"Are they not handsomest when dressed?"

"Eh bien ees," said Monsieur gazing on the uncovered neck of the fair speaker.

"Then why should not the personages of a novel, in words, be veiled—be dressed?"—(here Monsieur raps his snuff-box,)—"be scented,"—(here Monsieur opens it,)—"be combed,"—(here Monsieur applies a pinch to the safety valve on his face,)—"be,"—(here not heard owing to the sounds of "cit-she,"—"cit she," from Monsieur's safety valve,)—"be curled," she continued,—"be—"

"Damned," exclaimed my old father, "yes, damned by all true critics!"

"Uncle, uncle!" cried my fair cousin;—then thrusting her delicate fingers in Monsieur's snuff-box, she applied the titillating material to her — I cannot write the word; and with a contemptuous look she flirted round and round. Monsieur and all bowing and moving in concentric circles,—she being in the centre, until arrested by some impediment, a heavier planet or rather globe; that is, a very obese lady; who just then was expatiating on the coincident styles of Bulwer and Rosini; she stood fixed at the other end of the room: irradiating the light of her understanding, on the scraping, smiling, whispering bevy of exquisites, who encompassed her! Upon this hint, my father spoke.—

"Son," said he, "your cousin Clara has changed,—she is too critical,—let us go home. I know you once had an affection for this girl; the world has many others to choose. Remember what Chaucer saith,—

"The mouse that trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

CÆLEBS.

POETRY OF NATURE.

NATURE hath echoes that may fill
The heart with sadness, or may thrill
With tones of extacy: each breeze
That wantons 'mid the whispering trees,
 Stirring their leaves;
That passes with a lightsome wing
O'er laughing brook and purling spring,
 Or lightly weaves
Its path the early flowers among,
Comes laden to my heart with song.

So hath the calm and stilly hour
Sweet Poesy's bewitching power,
When Meditation from her cell,
The pensive musings of her shell
 At eve awakes;
And with a gentle sympathy
Comes o'er the fount of memory,
 Or softly breaks
'Neath Fancy's quickening control
In shade or sunshine o'er the soul.

Nor minstrelsy in air alone;
Earth hath her cords of silvery tone,
That to the brightly glancing eye
Of Genius wake to melody,
 In the still hush
Of summer woods and shading bowers,
Or dewy cups of bursting flowers;
 And in the gush
Of purling streams whose cadence thrills
The ear among her breezy hills.

And Ocean hath her lyre of deep
Or gentle tone, as tempests sweep
Its heaving bosom into surge,
And o'er the bark its billows urge;
 Or softer wing
Of summer zephyrs gently wake
The silver crested waves that break,
 And playful spring
In dalliance on the sounding strand,
And murmur o'er the polished sand.

But loftier strains than breathe on earth
Among the dreamy stars have birth,
And softer than the zephyr's play
The cadence of the heavenly lay;
 Warmed by the spell
That from each starry lyre awakes,
Enraptured Phœbus blushing breaks
 His voiceless shell;
While Contemplation sits and sings
Her soul away to viewless strings.

H.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS;

BY ONE WHO HAS OFTEN HEARD THEM NARRATED BY THE ACTORS IN
THOSE TIMES OF TRIAL; OR BY LOOKERS ON.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, (or as he was commonly called Bloody Bill Cunningham,) acted too prominent a part in the partisan warfare of Laurens, Newberry and Edgefield Districts, in the Revolutionary times, not to be first remembered and first noticed. He was a native of Laurens District, and a distant relative of Gen'ls. Robert, Patrick, and John Cunningham. Of his parents little is known. His father was an old man at the time when his son's career of blood commenced, and I presume from the incident which was the first in it, incapable of protecting himself against the violent.

William Cunningham is represented to have been a man of great physical powers, and of fine personal appearance. One of his contemporaries (the late Wm. Caldwell used to say, "that he had often heard it said, Cunningham was a coward; but," added he, "whoever said so, did not know him; he was as brave a man as ever walked the earth."

About the commencement of hostilities at the South, in 1775, he enlisted as a private soldier in the service of the State of South Carolina, in a company commanded by Capt. John Caldwell in Col. Thomson's Regiment of Rangers. He served with great credit; so much so, that his Captain was about promoting him, over the head of his own brother, Wm. Caldwell, who belonged to the same company. Some trivial offence prevented his promotion, and sent him before a Court-martial, by which he was sentenced to be whipped; and he actually suffered the degrading

punishment! With his blood on fire, and vengeance his predominant feeling, he deserted the flag of his country and fled to Florida. While there, William Ritchie kicked his aged father out of doors. By some means the intelligence reached Cunningham; he swore that he would seek and have revenge in the blood of his father's oppressor. He shouldered his rifle, and mostly on foot traversed the country between St. Augustine and Laurens District, and in Ritchie's own house, in the presence of his family he consummated his cherished and fell purpose by shooting him dead.

He here first tasted blood; and like the tiger, the taste created a thirst which could never be quenched. After that time he was one of the most merciless of the Tory blood-hounds who scoured the country, and hunted to the death her gallant and suffering sons.

He raised an independent command of mounted loyalists. They were like himself, bold and daring spirits; and many of them like him had already tasted the blood of private revenge. Some of their names are still remembered:—William Parker, Henry Parker, William Kilmer, Jonathan Kilmer, Hall Foster, Jesse Gray, William Dunahox, Isaac, Aaron, and Curtis Mills, Ned and Dick Turner, Matthew Love, Bill Elmore, Hubbles, John Hood, and Moultrie. Of some of these men, in these random recollections, we may have occasion to speak further. One of his earliest feats as a partisan officer, was a visit to his old commander Major John Caldwell, who had retired to private life. He found him on a summer's day, sitting in his own house, without shoes or stockings. He amused himself by stamping on his toes and kicking his shins; and concluded his visit by telling him that this was ample satisfaction for the whipping he had received while under his command.

His pursuit of Capt. Sam'l. Moore showed his fiend-like disposition. They met and charged each other. Moore gave way and fled. Both were well mounted, both were excellent horsemen, and both knew well the ground over which they ran. For miles Cunningham was in sword's length, and in a low conversational style urged his flying foe to redouble his exertions to escape. "Push the rowels in Sammy, honey," was his continual jeering observation. At length, like the cat tired of his play, he cut his adversary down, and in his death removed another object of private hatred.

His deeds of blood, which are, however, best remembered, are those which occurred in what is called the "bloody scout." This followed the execution of Gov. Rutledge's impolitic order directing the wives and children of the Tories in the British service, to be sent in to the British Lines near Charleston. This was well calculated to arouse the vindictive feelings of such men as Cunningham and his blood-hounds. He and they swore to be revenged on all who had executed the order.

His company left Charleston in detached parties, made their way up the Edisto, concentrated in Edgefield, and attacked Turner's station. • The resistance was gallant but unavailing. The garrison surrendered and was put to the sword with the exception of a single man (Warren Bletcher.) In that affair fell two of the Butlers, father and son,—the grandfather and uncle of the present Governor and Judge Butler. Bletcher was saved by Aaron Mills. It was a rule of the company, that after Cunningham had selected his victims, each member might select the objects of his vengeance. Sometimes mercy ruled the hour, and a soldier was allowed to save a friend or acquaintance. Bletcher was known to Mills and was protected by him during the massacre. When the company left the bloody scene, it was determined that Bletcher should be conveyed as a prisoner to the next halt, and there probably his life would have paid the forfeit. He was mounted behind Mills. As the company proceeded at a round gallop, Mills affected that his horse was overburdened, and began to lag behind; he fell back behind first one and then another until he was entirely in the rear. The company had crossed a branch grown up with cane; as he approached it, Mills said to Bletcher: "Jump off and run for your life." He did so. Mills suffered him to gain the covert before he cried out: "The prisoner has escaped." Pursuit was in vain.

Cunningham was next seen in Newberry District. When he crossed Saluda (perhaps at the Old Town,) he met with and captured John Towles. He had been concerned in sending off the women and children of the Tories, and had been especially engaged in driving in their cattle. Cunningham swore he should die in his trade, he therefore hung him with a piece of an untanned cow-hide.

At Ensley's shop he killed Oliver Towles and two others. The only surviving member of the Caldwell family of the Revolution, Mrs. Gillam, then a girl, visited his shop alone soon after Cunningham's party had left it, to see what consequences had followed from the report of their guns. When she reached it she found Oliver Towles and two others, her acquaintances, dead. One was stretched or laid out upon the bier bench.

On his march to Edgehill's, Hayes' station, he passed the house of his old commander John Caldwell. Two of his men, Hall Foster and Bill Elmore, were his videttes in advance. They found Major Caldwell walking in his garden, shot him down, and charged their horses in and out of the garden in fiend-like sport. When Cunningham arrived he affected to deplore the bloody deed; he protested with tears that he would as soon have seen his own father shot as Major Caldwell. Yet in the next instant his house by his orders was wrapt in flames, and his widow left with no

other shelter than the heavens, seated by the side of her murdered husband. His gallant brother, James Caldwell, whose scarred face testified to his gallantry in the most gallant of all affairs, the battle of the Cowpens, finding her in this situation, forgot every thing else than vengeance, and on the succeeding day his sword drank the blood of two of Cunningham's stragglers.

Hayes was a bold, inexperienced, incautious man. His station was at Col. Edgehill's, in Lauren's District, east of Little River and Simmon's Creek, on the old Charleston road from Raubun's Creek to Orangeburgh. The dwelling house built of logs was his fort. He was told by William Caldwell to put himself in a position of defence; pointing to the smoke he said, "that is my brother's house, and I know Cunningham is in the neighborhood." Hayes was at work in a black-smith shop, making a cleat to hold a lady's netting, and hooted at Caldwell's suggestions, saying that Cunningham had too much sense to come there. Caldwell replied: "I will not stay here to be butchered;" and mounted and fled at full speed. As he went out at one end of the old field he saw Cunningham's company come in at the other.

The surprise was complete and overwhelming. Hayes and his men almost without resistance were driven into the house, and Cunningham's pursuit was so close, that John Tinsley struck a full blow with his sword at Col. Hayes as he entered the door. A few guns were fired. One of Cunningham's men was killed in the assault, and one of Hayes' men was killed in the house by a ball shot between the logs. A pole tipped with flax, saturated with tar, was set on fire and thrown upon the house. It was soon in flames. Hayes and his party on a promise of good quarters, (as it has always been said,) surrendered. Cunningham selected Hayes and Maj. Dan'l. Williams, (a son of Col. Williams who fell at King's mountains,) as his victims. He was about hanging them on the pole of a fodder stack, when he was accosted by a younger son of Col. Williams, Joseph Williams, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, who had from infancy known Cunningham.—"Capt. Cunningham, how shall I go home and tell my mother that you have hanged brother Daniel?" Cunningham instantly swore that he should not have that melancholy duty to perform. He hung him up with his brother and Hayes. The pole broke with their weight and with his sword he literally hewed them to pieces. While wiping his reeking sword, he observed, that one of his comrades in cutting a captive to pieces had broken his sword,—he gaily handed to him his, observing, that it wouldn't break. James Tinsley, Major Wm. Dunlap and John Cummins were the only survivors of Hayes party; James Tinsley and his brother were, I had supposed, saved by their gallant kinsman John Tinsley; but within the last few years, James Tinsley assured me, that such

was not the fact. He said their lives were saved by another of Cunningham's party, (whose name to my great regret has escaped my recollection,) at the peril of his own life. Major Dunlap of Huntsville, Laurens District, was then a lad; *no one then or ever since could be his enemy.* He was discharged the next morning covered with the blood and brains of his comrades. John Cummins, (commonly called King Cummins,) was too much the Leather-stocking of the lower part of Laurens District to be an object of vengeance. He still lives at a great age to fight all his battles over.

Passing from Hayes' station to the west side of Little River, Cunningham crossed at O'Neill's mill. This he burned. The owner, Hugh O'Neill on the top of Edgehill's mountain, had in sorrow and sadness witnessed the massacre of his neighbors at Hayes' station. From the same lofty stand he saw his all, in a pecuniary point of view, swept away by the fire-brand of him who never knew to pity or spare. On the next day he and some others of the neighbors committed to the earth the mangled bodies of the slain at Hayes' station. Two large pits constituted the graves of all who fell there; and there undistinguished and almost unknown they still remain.

Cunningham encamped on the night succeeding the massacre on the Beaverdam, at a place now known as Odell's mills. From this point he commenced his retreat. His bloody foray had aroused the whole whig population. Col. Hammond (Sam'l.) from the time Cunningham passed Saluda River, was in hot pursuit. Cunningham's company remained embodied until they passed Little Saluda (at West's.) It was there the late Gen. Butler leading the van of the pursuit confronted almost alone the whole of Cunningham's company. Numbers forced him to pause, and before his exhausted companions could reach him, Cunningham had resumed his rapid flight; and breaking into detached parties, he and his followers plunged into the pine barrens and swamps of the Edisto country, and by different routes reached Charleston.

On this or some other occasion, Butler and his company chased a party consisting of Cunningham, Foster and Hood. Here again Butler kept nearly equal pace with the pursued, but his companions could not. In the midst of the race Cunningham's horse sunk in a mire. While he was struggling out of it, Cunningham's trusty companions turned like lions at bay, and again Butler's vengeance for a father's and brother's blood was prevented from taking effect.

On another occasion, it is said, Butler single handed pursued Cunningham alone for miles; each of their horses, straining every nerve, ran in the jockey style, nose and tail. Butler was often near enough to have struck Cunningham's noble and generous

steed and thus disable him; but this his generous nature forbade, the rider not the steed was the object of his vengeance. Cunningham's pistol was often thrown over his shoulder and snapped at the pursuer. At length Butler's horse sunk in a hole in the woods, and before his rider could again resume pursuit Cunningham was beyond it.

The noble war horse which had borne Cunningham through so many of his bloody adventures, and never failed him at his greatest need, died in Charleston, and was buried almost with the honors of war by his blood-stained master.

Of Cunningham I know no more certainly, save that in him was not fulfilled the Scripture. The violent man did not die a violent death. His life was sought most diligently and fearlessly by the surviving kinsmen of his murdered victims. He lived to a good old age and died quietly in his own bed in the West Indies.

Here and as a contrast to this blood-stained page, I may be allowed to tell of the lion-like daring of one of the mounted Independent Loyalists. Major William Lee, of Union District, was one of the few Tories whose hands were not soiled with plunder, and whose sword was not stained with the blood of a captive. His wife and children were ordered to Charleston. They had commenced their melancholy march under the escort of a large party. The husband and father was in the neighborhood. He repeatedly charged single-handed upon the party, cutting down or shooting one or more, and saying to them: "I will continue to do so until you suffer my wife and children to return home." His last charge was made on the party while halted at Robt. Evans, on the Tea-table rock road, within two miles of where Newberry village is now situated. He charged into the very midst of the party and pursued their commander into the house, striking the door post with a full sweep of his sword just above his head. This charge so intimidated the escort, that his wife and children were allowed to return home. He survived the war, removed to the South-west, and some years ago lived in Mississippi, honored and respected by all who knew him.

A glance at some few of the prominent whig actors in the lower part of Laurens District, and in Newberry District, with a detail of such anecdotes as may be recollected illustrative of their characters or of the times in which they lived, may not be uninteresting.

Col. James Williams, with Major John Caldwell, John Colcock, Rowland Rugely, Jonathan Downes, John Satterwhite, John Williams, John McNoes, Charles King, and George Ross from the District between Broad and Saluda Rivers, was a member of and served in the 1st Provincial Congress in 1775. It was their duty to prepare the means of resistance on the part of South Carolina, against the encroachments of the British government. They nobly and fearlessly performed the duty.

About this time, or perhaps before, Col. Williams in opposition to the most popular man in that part of the country, Robert Cunningham, was elected Colonel of the Regiment of Militia which was then organized. This rivalry between them resulted in a personal conflict, and unquestionably had the effect of severing their friendship as neighbors, and possibly contributed to place them on opposite sides of the great contest for liberty, which was then commencing; and which afterwards went on, and triumphed over all difficulties by the blood and suffering of the brave, the honest, and the free. I shall be unable to give any thing like a detail of his services. These ought to have been preserved in the general history of the Revolution; unfortunately, however, it has not been done, and by the death of his contemporaries has perished much which would have deeply interested us.

He was active and useful. Gen. Moultrie, in his Memoirs, says he was "a brave and active officer, and warm in the American cause. He raised a large body of men, and frequently attacked the British parties." It is remembered that he commanded a detachment of militia in the battle of Stono, and it is believed he bore a part in the unfortunate siege of Savannah.

"On the 18th of August, 1780, he attacked a large party of British and Tories at Musgrove's mills on Enoree River under the command of Col. Innes of the South Carolina royalists."* Musgrove's mill, called in Mill's Atlas Gordon's mill, is situated on the South side of Enoree River on the lower corner of Laurens District. The British forces occupied this position. Col. William's force was in Spartanburgh District on the north side of the river. His main body he drew up on a creek which runs into Enoree just below the Spartanburgh line. This position was a mile or two from Musgrove's mill; it was well protected by being in the bosom of a dense forest. His little army was drawn up in a semi-circle, and constituted a very pretty ambuscade. His arrangement for battle was, that he with a few picked men, would advance to the river, draw the attention of the British to them by firing upon them, induce them to cross the river, keep up a running fight as the enemy pursued, and fall back to the centre of the ambuscade, and thus bring them entirely into his power. The scheme was fully and beautifully executed. Col. Innes eagerly pursued William's flying sharp-shooters, and as he advanced, the extremities of William's semicircle closed behind him. He was thus surrounded, wounded; and most of his militia command were taken prisoners. Innes with his regular troops escaped. Col. Chany who commanded a detachment of loyalist militia in the action often related his own escape. "His horse," he said, "was seized

*Moultrie's Memoirs, p. 220.

at the same moment by the opposite cheeks of his bit by two of William's soldiers." He took advantage of the confusion of the *melee* with great presence of mind. He said to his captors: "Damn you, don't you know your own officers?" He was instantly released, and fled at full speed.

In that action he took prisoner a very diminutive man of the name of Gaul Hinson, who had been under the Colonel's command in the battle of Stono. Riding along the ranks after the battle and examining the prisoners, he discovered Hinson, and very pleasantly said to him: "Ah, my little Gauley, have we caught you?" "Yes," replied the little man, "and no damned great catch neither."

At the battle of King's Mountain, which was fought on the 7th of October succeeding, Col. Williams had a Brigadier-General's commission from Gov. Rutledge in his pocket. This would have given him the command as the officer highest in rank. He nobly concealed the fact, and took his station as commandant of his own men among the Independent Colonels who fought that action. This command constituted one of the attacking columns whereby Ferguson was successively and constantly assailed. When last seen before he received his death wound, he was ascending the mountain; his charger had been shot through the mouth, and at every step was covering his rider with blood and foam. When shot, he had turned to his command and was cheering them onwards; the ball fired from the mountain heights above him took effect just between his shoulders and ranged downwards through his body. He fell within a few feet of where Col. Ferguson fell. Both met their fate at nearly the same moment. Col. Williams was borne from the battle-field, lived throughout the succeeding night and died on the next morning. He lies, I have been told, a mile or two from the field of his own and his companion's glory, without a stone to mark the spot where rests the body of old "King's mountain Jim," as he is familiarly spoken of to this day. Family pride ought to induce his numerous, wealthy, and respectable grandchildren, to do that which his country has not done,—erect a monument to his memory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THLE-CATH-CHA.

BEING A FEW PASSAGES FROM MUSCOGHEE HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

It is a point of some importance in Muscoghee history, to be able to state, that from our first acquaintance with them, they occupied a territory, the limits of which were clearly designated by themselves, and seem generally to have been acknowledged by their neighbours. Their prowess in war may have been the reason for this tacit concession; but the first fact, it may be well to state, is not often the case with a barbarous people. They are seldom stationary, and invade and occupy the hunting lands of their neighbours whenever the game becomes scarce in their own. Some difficulties have arisen among our early geographers which a little attention to this fact might have obviated, and may still reconcile. They have found themselves frequently at a loss to detect the characteristics, the names and peculiarities, as described by preceding travellers among the Indians, and sometimes find them in absolute contrast with those which they themselves encounter in the same regions. This would be a matter of small difficulty if we would always recollect, that driving out the possessors of the soil, which they do constantly, the conquerors give it their own designations, and confer upon it all the distinctive peculiarities of their own nation. The name of the reigning Prince is frequently the name of the tribe,—that of the chief warrior distinguishes the war party under his command; and as these change their habitations, by choice or necessity, their names are eradicated by those who take their places. The American tribes were in constant motion, and it is more than probable, that when the Muscoghees are spoken of as a stationary people, nothing more is meant than that they confined themselves to certain geographical limits, which were sufficiently extensive to afford the means of subsistence to their hunters without rendering it necessary that they should invade their neighbours; and yet we have seen in the progress of this very narrative, that they sent out entire tribes, either in banishment as a punishment for some departure from their laws, or because of the great increase of their numbers,—this indeed, being the true history of the colonizing expeditions of most nations. The Yamacraws claimed to have been a tribe of the Creeks; and Tomichichee, their mico, or chief, asserted himself to be a man banished from his people. The Muscoghees assert themselves to be an original, in other words, a pure, unmixed people. This matter is also a subject of very great doubt. It is

very doubtful whether the race of Indians known to *us* now, are the descendants of those who raised the tumuli which are scattered over the face of the country. These tumuli seem altogether older than the people and as much beyond their capacity to raise, as are the thousand more imposing structures which are daily brought to light in our western and south-western forests. It is doubtful whether any of the Indians within the limits of the United States, bury in mounds at all at this moment; and it is not reasonable to think that a wandering people ever did so. The practice, in numberless instances, to the knowledge of the writer, is far otherwise now. It would be physically impossible, indeed, to bear the warrior engaged in a distant war, or in a forest hunt miles away from his hamlet, who happened to be slain, to a customary spot for burial; and it is in these expeditions that the greater number of the savages perish. Besides, their villages have been generally of too temporary a character to have been intended for more than occasional abiding places during those intervals, in which they were spared from war and the chase for the repose and recreations of domestic life. The erection of these tumuli demanded too a greater amount of labor than the Indian was ever disposed to give to any object; and the race which devolved upon its women all its labor, and limited its agricultural efforts to the cultivation of a pitiful field of maize, was not likely to waste so much of it as these structures called for, on so useless an object as a dead warrior or a famished squaw. There is yet another and no less important objection to the belief, arising from its inconsistency with a practice better known to exist among them. This is the desire of concealing their dead from the vengeance of their enemies,—a desire which could not be more completely set at nought than by the ostentation of mound-burial. No scalp could possibly have been kept by its owner in a place so public as the tumulus; and wars, lacking all other provocation, would result continually from the mutual desecration of the several places of sepulture chosen by the rival nations or tribes. It cannot, however, be denied, that to a certain extent the Muscoghees were a stationary people. Tookanbatchie, one of their chief towns, in which they have held several conventions with the whites for the purpose of treaty-making, their tradition asserts to be that in which they first encountered the European for this same object. In an interview at Broken Arrow in 1824, the commissioners of the United States who were sent to treat with them for a farther cession of their lands, having in the course of their speeches told them, (which was without question the truth) that they themselves were but usurpers of the soil, having come from the west and driven off the original proprietors, were told in reply, "that this was new to them." "*From all the traditions,*" said they, "*which have been*

handed down to us from our forefathers, we have been impressed with the belief that we are the original and sole proprietors of the soil;"—and there is no evidence to the contrary. We have no reason to reject their belief, though there is much to throw suspicion upon it. None of their assertions are entirely to be relied on. Their speeches and letters are prepared for them by white men, most of whom are interested in keeping them where they are. These whites are generally from that class of borderers who acknowledge few of the obligations, as they know but few of the ties of civilized life. They enter the nation, take wives from among the tribe, possess themselves of lands, and from their superior intelligence, acquire influence enough among the savages to become their advisers, and in many instances their chiefs. These men, though self-banished from the dwellings of the whites, are not willing to remove utterly from their connection, and into a world consisting of savages only. They strenuously oppose, therefore, with all the cunning and steadiness of self-interest, every effort to persuade the Indians to a sale of their lands. They arm themselves with the conjectures and speculations of civilized men, to furnish weapons of defence in argument to the Indian; and thus it is that we have traditions of the past among this people, which have not, in numberless instances, even the air of *vraisemblance* to sustain them. It is, perhaps, utterly impossible, that any people to whom the rudiments of agricultural life are unknown, and who keep no cattle, can be a stationary people. Even herdsmen, in all primitive countries, are compelled to keep moving with the advancing seasons, and in search of pasturage. But, when first known to the European the Muscoghees were neither herdsmen nor agriculturists. They were hunters of game, whom the constant use of arms in this pursuit made warriors; and who waged war in defence of their own, or in the invasion of other hunting lands than their own. War was the inevitable consequence of the collision of rival hunters. But to return:

In 1802, the Oconee River formed the eastern boundary of the Muscoghees, and the nation occupied about twenty millions of acres. Its population at this period is not exactly known. It may be estimated to have been thirty thousand or more; of these six or eight thousand may have been warriors. In that year by a treaty with the United States they made a cession of land for the benefit of Georgia, and in 1805, by another treaty, an additional territory; by these two conventions giving up nearly three millions of acres. So far, with few exceptions, from the Revolution down to the year 1812, their conduct had been comparatively pacific. Individuals had occasionally committed depredations upon the white settlers of Georgia and Alabama, occasionally stealing cat-

tle, shooting hogs, and sometimes a traveller; but in these crimes the nation had taken no part, and in some instances had delivered up the criminals to punishment. But there was a moral groundswell upon the confines, arising from the continual struggle between civilized and barbarous life, which kept up a tacit hostility between the parties, even though positive blows were not the result. The vexing feeling of inferiority on the part of the savages,—the violent consciousness of superiority, and perhaps, a less elevated sentiment belonging to a mercenary desire for the unemployed lands over which the Indian wandered, on the part of the whites, kept up a sleepless jealousy between the two, which only waited a proper opportunity or some provocation more urgent than usual, to show itself in war. This was soon found when the long pending differences of the United States with Great Britain terminated in 1812, by the declaration of war on the part of the former. The emissaries of the latter nation, who have never been slow in such proceedings, availing themselves of the contest maintained by the Spaniards in certain stations on the Florida coast, penetrated into the country of the Creeks with the usual persuasives and arguments to Indian appetite; and in an evil hour for themselves, not less than for their neighbors, a majority of the nation put on red paint, and despatched the war club to their scattered partisans. This war club is not so much an effective instrument of battle, as a sign and symbol by which the Indians who have resolved upon hostilities communicate their purpose to their allies. It is a stick varying from sixteen to twenty-four inches in length, painted red, sometimes sharpened at one end and terminating mace-like at the other; sometimes capped at one or both ends with a blade resembling a hatchet, formed in latter days of iron, but at the first period in Anglo-American history, of stone or flint. These are given into the hands of runners before hostilities have commenced, who bear them to distant tribes, place them in the hands of other runners, who transmit them in like manner to tribes yet more distant, until the whole nation is aroused to an equal degree of preparedness and excitement. This custom resembles that of the burning brand among the early Scotch tribes, and is, indeed, the mode in use for conveying the signal of strife among all barbarous nations, being almost if not quite as rapid as the blaze from the headland heights, the "*beal*," or "*bale-fire*" of Ireland, and those employed by the Greeks in Homer's day, as beautifully described by Clytemnestra, in the opening of the '*Agamemnon*' of *Æschylus*:

The fire, that from the height of Ida sent
Its streaming light, as from the announcing flame
Torch blazed to torch. First Ida to the steep
Of Lemnos: Athos' sacred height received
The mighty splendor, &c."

Only inferior to this startling and impressive incident, as coming after, and therefore, an imitation, is the beautiful passage in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, descriptive of the like peculiarity among the Scotch:

"Benledi saw the cross of fire;
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire;—**
—"Not faster o'er thy heathery braes
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping the cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war!
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Lochvoil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
'Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on the brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met, as torrents from the height
Of highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath but by his Chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command."

The practice as prevailing among all our Indian tribes is not less available for the purposes of poetry, and we may confidently look for the day to arrive, when the *Genius Loci* will wed it to strains of immortality worthy of those of the divine minstrels to whom we have made brief reference. Nothing could well be made more picturesque, than the sudden and startling appearance of the grim warrior, silent and stern, gleaming with the frightful hues with which he colours himself for battle, rushing into the quiet village, amidst the reposing warriors, the toiling women, and the playful children, engaged in the sports of mimic strife, displaying

his red brand aloft, while the warriors leap to arms, and the fierce whoop of war proclaims their immediate recognition of the signal, and their readiness to obey its summons. The scene is one alike worthy of poet and painter:

But the red-stick, (which usually confers its name upon all the warriors who grasp it,) is not merely a symbol. It is occasionally used in battle, when, having introduced confusion into the ranks of the enemy, nothing more is necessary than to pursue and destroy. It answers the purpose of the tomhag, and since the acquaintance of the Indians with the Europeans, is used only by those who have not been able to provide themselves with the hatchet, or who may have lost it in flight or battle. On the present occasion the red-stick was presented to the Muscoghees by no less a personage than the celebrated Tecumtheh. This great chief, who combining all the small subtlety of the savage with the extended views of the European, was the Metacom of the Western frontier, conceived the bold idea of concentrating all the Indian tribes in the limits of the United States in one concerted action against the whites. Having, with the aid of his brother, the Prophet Elkswatawhà, stimulated his own people, the Shawanee, (or as I should write it, the Chowánnee,) to the proper pitch of excitement, he next addressed himself to the Muscoghees as, probably, at once the most warlike and powerful of all the savage nations. He repaired to Tookanbatchie, in Georgia, sometime in the spring of 1812, and had several conferences with the chiefs. These were not as unanimous as he wished to find them. Two or three of them were decidedly friendly to the Americans, among these the warrior with whose fortunes and summary fate we propose to close this narrative—Thle-cath-cha, alias William Mackintosh, generally distinguished by the honorary title of General Mackintosh. Tecumtheh then passed from the Georgia tribes to those of Alabama with whom he was more successful. These acting upon their brethren in Georgia produced the effect, and something more than the effect which Tecumtheh desired. He, while arousing them to hostility, was careful in counselling them to keep up until a certain season all the pacific appearances, which he himself had so long and so cunningly maintained; but he had scarcely left the territory on his return to his own, than the torch which he had laid, broke out into a flame; and the young warriors in little squads, in which they pursued the common objects of hunters and warriors, proceeded to attack the frontier settlers, and committed several shocking murders within the limits of Tennessee and Georgia. An attempt on the part of Col. Hawkins, the agent for the United States among the Indians, to punish the murderers with death, served to complete what Tecumtheh had begun. The red-sticks flew to arms, and the peace-party then

greatly in the minority, were compelled either to join their ranks, or take refuge in the few white military posts established on the frontiers by the whites, or in the white settlements of Georgia. Their numbers momentarily increased, and the elite of the nation were in little time prepared for the sanguinary war which was to follow.

To sound the war-whoop was to strike the blow. The action of the Indian warrior is a part of the resolve which prompts him; and once in the field the Muscoghees industriously employed themselves in seeking out their enemy. The campaign was commenced by one of their prophets, named Francis, seconded by a brave and noble minded warrior named Weatherford, who led a force of eight or nine hundred men down to Fort Mimms, a stockaded fort on the Tensau river about ten miles above Fort Stoddart, and some thirty-five below St. Stephen's, then a chief town on the Tombeckbe. The stockade was one of little or no strength; and had been hastily put up around the residence of one of the border settlers, whose name it received. The alarm had been given by some of the friendly Indians of the approach of the *red-sticks*, and the women and children of the vicinity to the number of one hundred and thirty were placed in it for safety. The fort was garrisoned by a detachment of "twelve months men," commanded by Major Beasley, who had been detached for this service by General Claiborne. These, with the men capable of bearing arms who lived in the neighborhood, amounted to one hundred and seventy, rank and file; a small force, scarcely equal to that led by the Indians, not experienced in war, and probably not sufficiently on their guard, having an enemy so wily in their vicinity. The remissness or obstinacy of the officer in command seems to have reached a criminal extent, as it appears that a negro had reported the presence of lurking Indians about the fort, and was punished for false information. At first the *red-sticks* made their approach with sufficient caution,—some days elapsed after reaching the neighbourhood before they commenced the attack. It is probable that this delay arose from prophetic intimation from Francis, whom they implicitly obeyed, and whose predictions they superstitiously confided in. But the storm broke at last over the devoted fort. On the morning of the 30th August, 1813, a little before day break, they commenced the attack with a force and fury calculated to strike terror into the hearts of those, who to this moment, though warned, were not sure of their propinquity. Instigated by the exhortations of the Prophet who had assured them of victory, and promised them a thousand things besides, sublunary and eternal, they rushed to the assault. He led the assault in person with a confident zeal that showed an equal reliance upon his own predictions with that which he had impressed upon his followers.

His assault was not less ably conceived than conducted. His force was divided into three bodies; one of these armed with axes, marched boldly up to the pickets in several places, and proceeded to hew them down. For the protection and covering of these, another stationed body kept up a continual fire on the defenders who made their appearance in conflict with the axemen; while a third party, in constant movement, encircled the fortress, availing itself of every opportunity for favorable assaults, and by their continual clamor, and dreadful cries, diverting and distracting the minds of the few and devoted defenders. When an axeman was shot down his place was instantly filled up and his axe employed by one of the battle division, until after continued efforts, a sufficient number of pickets was cut down to enable the assailants to effect an entrance. If the unfortunate commander of the stockade erred in the first instance by an excess of confidence either in his position, or in his faith in the pacific disposition of the Indians, it is due to his memory to say, that he strove to repair his error by an exhibition of bravery which has not often been exceeded. The moment that the pickets were forced he placed his own body in the breach, and his example was followed by a resolute troop, who like himself, were prepared for the worst. A dreadful conflict, hand to hand ensued, and overpowered by numbers, the brave commander perished with every man that stood beside him, not however, before they had sacrificed thrice their own number of the reckless savages. The woman and children rushed for the block-house when the fate of their defenders was known, but numbers of them were overtaken and cut down before they could reach it. Nor were those who did so more fortunate. The cruel savages put fire to the building, and thrusting back the unhappy inmates as they sought to rush forth from the blazing timbers, they perished miserably among the burning ruins. But eight persons escaped from the fortress, and these only through the blind drunkenness of heart with which success had filled the savages. More than three hundred perished, of whom nearly two hundred were women and children, equally incapable of injury and defence. The Muscoghees paid dearly for their victory,—it having been ascertained that more than two hundred warriors were killed and full as many wounded.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.

THOMAS FULLER.*

Who is not fond of life—joyous, buoyant life in a clime of reason, oftentimes vivified by flashes of humor, wit and innocent jocularity? He that cannot laugh, is not a man! He that hath no merriment in his soul is an ugly blur in God's great picture of the world,—a nightmare in the dream of reality! His blood like that of the fish is cold; it hath no heart to swell, no eyes to animate, no cheeks to suffuse with the color of life. His feints of sanctity are seen through; nay, his ague cheek shows him for a counterfeit; like one of "those fools, who to persuade men, that angels lodged in their hearts, hung out a devil for a sign on their faces." A lively disposition is *a sufficient income*—a champaign income with fruits and creams after substantial meats: and the author, that tempts me to shake off mine own infirmity,—that sings dull care away,—that teaches me to play bo-peep with destiny, and when it clutches me, exclaim without plaint or murmur, "what next Sir?"; that warms my blood into a bubbling spell of varied felicities; that speaks of God, as of a benevolent father, who smiles when his children smile; or to borrow a quaint phrase, as of one "who loveth to hear his carter not his cart to sing;"—such a one is dearer to me than my best living friend! And such an author art thou Tom Fuller—thou amiablest of men,—thou paragon of learning,—thou emperor of wits,—thou feeler of the heart's selectest amenities,—thou mental ark of all things worthy to survive the wreck of thine own time!

His wit was of the essenced sort,—sparkling—sweet—refreshing! In whatever he said or wrote there was a learned aim, a reach of fancy higher than the cope of that age he lived in. What

* An eminent historian and divine of the English church, born in 1608, died in August, 1661, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.—Author of "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "A Pishgah—Sight of Palestine; and the confines thereof, with the History of the Old and New Testament acted thereon," "Abel Redivivus or the Dead yet speaking: the Lives and Deaths of the modern Divines," "The Church History of Britain from the birth of Jesus Christ until the year 1648;" thereto subjoined, "The History of the University of Cambridge since the Conquest;" and "The History of Waltham Abbey in Essex, founded in Essex by King Harold," "History of the Holy Wars," "Holy and Profane State," "The History of the Worthies of England," "Mixt Contemplations in Better Times," and his first work, a poem, entitled "David's Heinous Sin, Heartie Repentance and Heavie Punishment;" printed in 1631.

in others was staler than rusty iron, in his use, turned to a new brightness. Many struck out sparks from flints; he brought them from sands. There was no topic he could not touch however far off: he had finished the golden circle of the sciences, and in its centre fixed the diamond of his soul—what I must call his celestial humor. In every language he was an adept; in so much, he could have been interpreter to the tongues of Babel, and by the grace and piquancy of his expression, would have set that motley crew of confounded jargoners in a roar of social laughter. Nor was there “a dumb devil in him; he exorcised it with pleasant thoughts, passages of wit and well turned sentences. His tongue possessed an oily glibness, that softened the asperities of justling minds; and his memory was a large store-house wherein he garnered up the perfume and flower, the pith and rind of ancient and modern lore. So gifted was he in this particular, “he could repeat five hundred strange and unconnected words, after twice hearing them;” and Samuel Pepys says, “he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin upon different subjects of their own proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired.” But there is an anecdote of his gentle and humane quality, still held in veneration, more to be approved than the compass of his memory,—“Visiting a committee of sequestrators sitting at Waltham in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse of his great memory, upon which he consented to give them an experiment of it:—‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison. He has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. *If you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness, while I live.*” How sweetly does this generous interposition contrast with the fierce spirit of Puritan exaction. How aptly does it avouch the bold yet quiet courage of one, whose head was then uncovered to the pitiless storm; and with what modesty does he seize the occasion of a compliment of “false-faced soothing” to himself, and turn it to the vantage of his poor neighbor!

Of book-learning Tom had his fill; he digested the very marrow of it; being in his own words, “a standing and walking library.” He did not, like school boys, swim with the tide in shallow places, but he leaped into surging waters, and between Ossa and Olympus buffeted the Peneus to its source. On every occasion he chided those who only peep into the index of an author,—such he compares to “city cheaters,” who “having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long

lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied." Pamphlets he utterly disrelished. He says, "the world swarmed with them too much." What would he say now if alive? Methinks he would tell with double zest, the anecdote of that author, who having sent forth a witless pamphlet wrote *finis* at the end of it; under which a passer-by scribbled the following couplet:

"Nay, there thou liest my friend,
In writing foolish books there is no end."

He goes on to say,—(here let me rebuke our pamphlet-mongers.)—"And surely such scurrilous, scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palates out of taste, that they can never after relish any solid and wholesome writers; secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which dried on by continuance of time can never after be washed off; thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next, (because publicly uncontrolled,) and what we laugh at, our children may believe; fourthly, grant the things true, they jeer at, yet this music is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sins and miseries of others, the fitter objects of the elegies than the satires of all truly religious."

No need had he of the "*fiat lux*,"—light was born in him with all its colored rays, which he profusely scattered in and about the things of God's Providence. His, was the true piety; for he showed no dark side to the world,—to him the sun was out of the heavens, only when the moon did shine. Religious duty he esteemed a pleasure, an impulse, an affection; and spoke oftener of *love* than the *fear* of God. Though in his jests Tom did not "wash his hands in the font" or drink "healths out of church chalices," he was one of that old school of English divines, who thought a glass of wine not amiss at a funeral. And if I could dare think for one of his sprightly bent, I should say, he entertained the notion, that angels sometimes cracked jokes in heaven, and there were many to laugh without provoking the wrath of the Thunderer. Vivacity was in him a perpetual green,—both in the spring time and winter,—in the dew and frost of his days, which all eyes delighted to look upon. No affected gravity starched the man or pinched to festering the native kindness of his guileless heart. He shadowed out his soul at each moment of his life; wearing the inward reality of himself on his tongue—in his eyes, his touch and every attitude. "Let your light," he observes, "saith Christ, shine before men: whereas reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim. Especially," (writing of the faithful minister,) "he detesteth affected gravity (which is rather *on* men than *in* them,) whereby some belie their register book, antedate their age to seem

far older than they are; and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness. Whereas St. Anthony the monk might have been known among hundreds of his order by his cheerful face, he having ever, though a most mortified man, a merry countenance." Furthermore, he says, "there are some who counterfeit reservedness and keep their chests always locked, not for fear any should steal treasure thence, but lest some should look in and see there is nothing within them."

Mirth he enjoined as a healthful exercise,—a pastime more innocent in the consumption of it than the stint. So he would allow "a father to make himself his child's rattle, sporting with him until he hath devoured the wise man,—*Equitans in arrundine longa*,—making play unto him, until one would think he killed his own discretion to bring his child asleep." The matter this: Tom was too sincerely pious to be dull. Nature to him was God's handiwork, in which he saw every thing to cherish and admire: and so say I. Away with these mockers of holy things! Abate them say I,—abate these lip-worshippers! Ye would have piety a pack-horse, my masters, and ride it to the bone! Mark this, Sirs,—this godly messenger was not sent to bar us up in gloomy cells, there, from sour meditation and a wretched abstinence to die a lingering suicide! Man was born to live,—the light was made for him,—the delicate odor for his sense,—the melodies of the wind for his ear, and all the other balmy influences that glide and glitter and grow upon the earth, should be so many favors to soothe his temper and minister to his life. The idea which some have of their God, as if he was ever in a passion, with a brow of scowls and a hand of rods, is an impiety of the worst kind. Why do the birds sing and fly through the heavens when the morning sun animates the scene? Why does nature rejoice? Do we see the trees bend their tops or the waters assume the ascetic hue? Do the flowers change their gay colors and put on black. Does the rivulet cease to throw its glittering bubbles to the overjoyed herbage on its banks? Do the mountains *bellow out*—"Morn is come?" No. The centre of the Universe casts his beam on all alike, and none of them boast while they confess his bounty. Man, only man spans his devotion with his tongue! Had I been Mahomet I would have *invented another* worship,—the great worship should have been the concentrated excellencies of all things in the perception of each mind,—that is, the works of the architect should be hailed in many temples,—not in Jerusalem alone, but on the far off skirts of Palestine. Every hill and valley should have an altar, breathing a native incense to the pleasant airs: and in these silent retreats, without gaud or pomp, I should have but one voice—one preacher,—and he should be that same Tom Faller, "whose sublime divinity" and "ravishing elegancies" would well

suit those, who feel and see and hear God in his matchless creations!

While discoursing of the gravest matters, facetiousness, the master-quality of my friend, often shows itself, and when it does not, you may see the sly intent lurking within, chained but not subdued. Nothing could better illustrate this last comment than the passage wherein he says,—“I could both *sigh* and smile;”—(reader say whether he sighed or smiled most)—at the witty simplicity of a *poor old woman*, who had lived in the days of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, and said her prayers both in Latin and English, and always concluded after this fashion: “Let God,” said she, “take to himself which he likes best.”—Even in his Church History, “a work containing something of moment hardly to be had elsewhere,” there is an easy vivacity, a childish sportiveness, a will-with-the-wisp wit, a sudden turning from the every day paths of opinion, a snatching at drolleries, a dry and quaint conceit dressed in a fluent and oftentimes curt and sharpened speech; which confess it to be, if not a work without parallel or compare, at least a repository of the liveliest, richest, rarest thoughts in our language. No joke escapes his eye in the dust of antiquity,—no pearl is less beautiful for the deep that would hide it:—he dives to the lowest depth and brings it to the surface. Let the seal of heaven be upon it; this only urges him to fetch it to the light; and toss it up and catch it in his hands, to attract and win the eyes of the multitude to its priceless value. So cheerful was his mood, he would have punned on the word St. Paul if he could. The humor was in him and it would out,—no art could mask it. He feared his conscience more than his merriment, and he would not for the world have his heart say: “Thou liest Tom;”—how could he be else? He slept neither on a bloody pillow nor the wrong of any one, so his conscience did not disturb his slumbers; and when he awoke refreshed, his ingenuous temperament was attuned to lively numbers.

Through life he was chastised by that moderation, which Bishop Hall so beautifully terms “the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.” On the wave or in the trough of that civil agitation, which in due season bore the second Charles to his throne, he was never heard to cry “save me;” but—“peace all!” The meekness of his Christian temper cooled off under no circumstance,—it was still affectionate, charitable and forgiving, in postures the most trying to one whose just views of things and impartial conversation, did not accord with the heats and bitterness of party warfare. And he forbore to mingle in the strife, until the juncture arrived when forbearance was no longer a virtue; and then he might be seen with the King’s party, ministering the

consolations of religion to that band of cavaliers, who stood by their monarch in his need!

Such was Thomas Fuller, on whose like we shall never look. Such wert thou, oh sweet master, or rather Reverend Doctor! I have ever loved thee! I love thee for thy racy fluency,—thy shining point,—thy balanced antithesis,—thy split-tongued entendre,—thy pregnant wit,—thy quaint facetiousness, and thy hearty chuckling self-complacency! I love thee too for thy prelate's lore,—thy cavern-quest of sacred histories,—thy deep-tinged *humanity*, that colored all thine excellencies! Thou hast sought God, my worthy, with a heart pure and not afraid. Thou hast gone about his work, as a faithful servant, lively in thy task. Thou hast whistled on thy way, when heavily laden with the vouchers of his holiness, and did not halt and cry for help! I cannot refrain calling thee Tom, for thou wert after mine own heart; free of thought and speech: and I must call thee *friend*, for we have been, and while I live shall be inseparable! C.

SONG.

"NO, NEVER, THOUGH LOUD BE THE VOICE THAT UPBRAIDS ME."

I.

No, never, though loud be the voice that upbraids me,
And dark the dishonor attached to my name;
Though malice assails, and though slander o'ershades me,
And the lips that once worship'd, breathe nothing but blame:
While thou, all unmoved, art relying as ever,
And still keep'st thy faith as in earlier days;
My spirit shall bend to that destiny never,—
I live in thy love—I am proud in thy praise.

II.

Yet were it not so, and wert thou not before me,
Confiding and fond, as when youthful and blest;—
Did thy smile come not still all the past to restore me,
Bringing sunshine and calm to my desolate breast,—
I know not what else in this life could sustain me,
Thus blackened by slander, thus sinking in fame;—
I live,—for thy bosom will never disdain me,
I love,—for thy spirit has shared in my shame.

△

BACON'S POEMS.*

A volume of indifferent poetry is by no means rare at the present day. Every one writes, and many write *tolerably*; but how few in comparison give token of that sensibility, refined sentiment and chastened thought, which mark the true poet. There is perhaps no country where poetry is so generally cultivated, in which so few excellent poets have been reared. Every newspaper and pamphlet and journal teems with the "crude abortions" of the muse. Scarcely a sermon or article political or literary is written, but the well known inverted commas bespeak a quotation from some favored poet of the age; and our mediocre poets, now as in the time of the Satirist,—

"Proud of their privilege, th' innumerable spawn,
From bogs and fens, the mire of Pindus drawn,
New vigor feel, new confidence assume,
And swarm like Pharaoh's frogs in every room."

"Sick of the eternal croak," we would almost canonize the critic, who Gifford-like, would at one "fell-swoop" compel them to abandon the pen and betake themselves to some more congenial vocation. The writings of such men reflect credit neither upon themselves nor their country; and their pernicious influence might be severely felt, were not their writings so destitute of merit, as to attract but little attention. Write what they will, they are ever verging to the regions of mysticism on one side, and turgidity and rant on the other. Without observing nature in her various attitudes, and analysing their own feelings and affections, they are content to possess themselves of the labors of others. The phrases and sentiments of their favorite authors are hoarded up, and after undergoing sundry distortions, are flung like foundlings upon the world, only to be neglected and despised. From such men what can we expect but inflated jargon! Professing to write from the heart, they sadly neglect the head. They forget that their readers are not always indulgent, and in order to be amused and instructed require excellence of matter as well as manner. It is thus we are so bedevilled by their tawdry descriptions and incongruous metaphors. Unlike good writers who are themselves observers, and whose writings are but a transcript of their own feelings; who having *something* to relate and that well understood, are plain and natural in their style,—

—————these "fume and fret, poor Elves!
Less to display their subject than themselves;

* Poems; by William Thomson Bacon. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.—1837.

Whate'er they paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heaven's how they sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war."

To turn from the writings of such men, into the old and beaten pathway of common sense, affords us no little pleasure. We hail every work in which the jingle of sound is sacrificed to the judgment, as an evidence of returning taste. It is with such feelings we greet the appearance of this volume. We have from time to time noticed the college publications of Mr. Bacon; and though not so prolific in this respect as Mr. Willis', his pieces give token of a genius equally brilliant.

We had little doubt that the author of "Fanny Willoughby" would in time take a prominent stand among the Poets of our country. As young as he is, (and he has just forsaken his Alma Mater,) he has done much already to effect this purpose; and we venture to say if life be spared, he will eventually attain the highest honors of his profession. Mr. Bacon with a becoming modesty professes himself merely an imitator, and although we are willing to admit that he is in a great degree, we do not consider him totally so. He may be an imitator, but he is by no means servile in his imitation. His aim has been to catch the tone of feeling and thought, rather than the phrases and sentiments of his model. He has been no less an observer of Nature, than a reader of Wordsworth; and if his style is assimilated to that of the great Poet of the age, it bears, notwithstanding, the marks of a very discriminating mind. He has made the theory of Wordsworth his study; and by subjecting it to severe scrutiny, has detected those faults and absurdities which so much diminish its excellence. Nor is this all; he has sedulously avoided the introduction of those errors into his own writings, and whilst he often attains the beautiful simplicity of thought, feeling and diction, which characterizes Wordsworth, rarely descends to his coarseness and insipid common-place. As far then as Mr. Bacon has been an imitator, he has been an improver, and his work may be regarded as a mirror, in which if the beauties of Wordsworth be not reflected in their full lustre, his defects are almost entirely concealed. In *Fanny Willoughby*, the piece we have before spoken of, as one of our author's earlier publications, we perceive the sweet tenderness of "Lucy Gray" combined with the playfulness and vivacity of Halleck's *Fanny*. There is so much terseness and sportiveness about the piece that we cannot forbear partially quoting it.—

"I love thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And that's the why, ye see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot let thee be;
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
And O! you may depend on't,
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
And that will be the end on't.

"I love the golden locks that glow
About that brow of thine;
I always thought them 'so and so,'
But now they are divine;
They're like an Alpine torrents rush,—
The finest under heaven;
They're like the bolted clouds that flush
The sky of summer's even.

I love thy clear and hazel eye,—
They say the blue is fairer;
And I coufess that formerly
I thought the blue the rarer;
But when I saw thine eye so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did swear
The hazel was the best.

"Now listen Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of jollity,
My nights ye rob of sleep;
And if you dont relent, why I
Believe you will me kill;
For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself, I will.

"'Twas thus, when love had made me mad
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby.
And Fanny looked as maiden could,
When love her heart did burn,
And Fanny sighed as maiden should,
And murmured a return.

And so I woo'd Fan Willoughby,—
A maiden like a dove,
And so I won Fan Willoughby,—
The maiden of my love.

And though sad years have passed since that,
 And she is in the sky,
 I never, never can forget
 Sweet Fanny Willoughby."

The martyr maid is much after the manner of Mrs. Heman's:

"That innocent voice had weaker grown,
 That voice of love and song,
 Which so oft at twilight's soothing hour,
 On the soft winds played along."

* * * * *

"The vesper star came softly forth,
 And threw its silvery ray,
 Like a Seraph's robe in the Spirit's land,
 O'er that cold and pulseless clay."

These and similar passages remind us forcibly of that richness of imagery and copiousness of diction which abound in the writings of the sweet enthusiast. Of all the pieces in the Book, the "Influence of Nature on the Individual Mind," is decidedly the best. A few selections from this poem will convince the reader of the reflective caste of Mr. Bacon's mind.—

"I have thought that earth
 Was a sweet spot to dwell in; that its thousand
 And tens of thousand varied influences,
 It's waters and its winds, its sounds by day
 And melodies by night, had something dearer
 Than witchery in them; that they were the voices
 Of the Invisible, whispering in these,
 His most neglected agencies, that truth
 Which he would write upon the soul of man!
 And I have thought that man was not thus vile
 As I had deemed him—that revengeful being,
 Stern and relentless, dark e'en in his love,
 And darker in the moments of his pride;
 That I had wronged him,—and a softened feeling,
 Fraternal, has come gushing through my heart,
 And I have knelt down on the cold damp earth,
 With nought but night around me, nought above
 Save the deep heavens and the eternal stars
 Which God has hung there, and have pardoned all again.

"Sorrow is most forgiving, and to be
 Made humble by it is true nobleness.
 Forgiveness is true happiness, and he
 Is happiest most who shall the most forgive.
 And happiness is holiness, for he
 Can only holy be whose heart is love.
 So live—and trust me a long life is yours!
 So live—and ye shall proudly walk with men!

The great man with you shall forget his greatness,—
 The good shall come to you and call you their's,—
 And she, to whom man's slavery is no sin,
 Why even she shall lay aside her pride,
 And come to you and tell you of her love.
 And when that last, dread, parting hour comes on,
 And the bright sky, and the bright world around
 With all it hath of beauty and of sweetness,
 With all it hath of poetry and life,
 With all it hath to elevate and purify,
 And make men's nature noble; when all these
 Fade from thy vision, and thy hold on life
 Is frail and feeble, then lift up thine eye,
 And where the star of Faith hangs in the heavens,
 Look! and go hence—rejoicing."

We have so far considered the work before us with regard to its style alone. We will now consider it with reference to the sentiment. There is a beautiful strain of Christian philanthropy pervading the work, which reflects far more credit upon its author, than all the graces of style and acuteness of thought. Happy is Mr. Bacon if the tenor of his life conforms to his precepts! Happy is he, if the advice he gives is learned from experience; and if, whilst he recommends the diligent study of nature, "that we may look from Nature up to Nature's God," he has felt the reality of that God, not only in

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
 And the deep sleep that is among the hills;"

but in that sure and abiding faith, which can cheer the heart when the joys of wine and song have fled; and our hopes too fondly pictured in the dim and shadowy future have proved entirely delusive! Happy is he, if in his conduct he is ever actuated by his motto, that virtue and truth

"Do make men God-like and will give us greatness,
 'When man's best monuments have passed away.'"

The space allotted us would be too small to warrant our further selection. Should the reader feel an interest in the rising talent of his country, we commend to his notice the piece entitled "Thanatos" and the poem of "The Influence of Nature on the Individual Mind." We are confident he will rise from their perusal with the regret that they are so brief. In the former, there is all the earnest devotion and sublime inspiration of Coleridge's hymn in the vale of Mount Chamouni; in the latter, the calm, deep toned feeling and thought of the "Excursion." So much for Mr. Bacon's merits: a word now as to his faults. There is not unfrequently a want of smoothness in the versification which ill comports with the dignity of the subject, or the general style of the author.

Occasionally we stumble upon an instance of the profound; sometimes a mixture of figures, and sometimes, although rarely, that style so congenial to the disciple of Wordsworth—the Infantine, “which is,” as Martinus Scriblerus defines it, “when a Poet grows so very simple, as to talk and think like a child.” These, with an occasional obscure epithet, a disposition to be too apophthegmatical, and a few grammatical inaccuracies are the chief faults of the author; all, however, are faults which time cannot fail to cure. It is from such men as these in the rising generation, our country must expect a stand as an intellectual people. From such men as these is her respectability in no small degree to be insured abroad; not a respectability springing alone from commercial power; nor wisdom in the art of governing; nor in the manly hardihood and energy of her citizens; but also from her refinement and progress in the fine arts; in the glowing eloquence of her orator; in the pencil of her painter and the song of her poet. These throw around her a beauty, which blended with her greatness as a commercial people, remind us of the magnificent Corinthian column, that deriving its value from the strength of its shaft, elicits admiration by the leaf and vine of the Acanthus which so gracefully festoon around it. To such then would we say “God speed!” America needs a Poet—a National Poet; and although Mr. Bacon may not think proper to enter upon a task for which we believe him well qualified; we would at least suggest the propriety of his so doing. The heroism of our ancestors in the grand struggle for independence; the peculiarity of our institutions based upon that noblest of political maxims “all men are created free and equal;” these far outweigh all the arguments against the possibility of our possessing a national poetry.

We trust therefore, that the time is not far distant, when some American Poet will arise, and like “Auld Scotia’s Bard” fling the mantle of romance over every hill and dale, and meadow and stream of his own bright land. When the achievements of our fathers; their firmness in the hour of trial; their endurance of pain and suffering in the cause of freedom, will be lisped by the same infant tongue, that in the freshness of morning and the pensive sweetness of evening, lifts up its prayer to Him who is the rock of our refuge in the time of danger; who led our armies on from victory to victory, and has elevated us to that station which we now hold among the nations of the earth. In conclusion, we tender our thanks to Mr. Bacon for this little volume which has afforded us so much pleasure, and with a hearty concurrence in his wish, that

“he may feel

The beauty that there is in the calm shade,
The wisdom too; and whilst from every thing
Goes up a silent worship unto heaven,

Rapt be the Poet with the theme he sings,
And gathering thence his strength, be better fitted
To follow out Life's daily charities,
And tread the way rejoicing."

PASSAGES FROM AN ORATION;

DELIVERED BEFORE THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY ON THE 4TH JULY, 1838,

BY GEORGE S. BRYAN, ESQ.

"It is our privilege again to assemble ourselves on the anniversary of that day which witnessed amidst foreboding, threatenings and tempest, the birth of our country. Upon that day the Nations of the old world descried on the horizon's verge, above and beyond the broad waters of the Atlantic, a new and unknown light. Suddenly it sprung out the darkness and shed a doubtful ray upon a stormy sky. It attracted their curious gaze,—and as it paled and brightened, as now it stood eclipsed, shut out altogether from their vision by the clouds which gathered around and settled upon it, or at intervals in the break of the tempest, sparkled clear and shot forth a vivid ray,—they wondered with puzzled speculation! Was it some "meteoric fire" which as they gazed upon it, would dart down the heavens, and exploding, vanish; was it a wandering comet on its desolate pathway from another sphere, glittering on their confines and greeting their eyes for a brief moment before it passed away forever, or was it indeed some fixed orb, a newly arisen planet, shining with steady beam, sent to bless and to cheer, and to be a light and a lamp to the nations? It was indeed no brilliant exhalation, mocking the eye with a fleeting lustre; it was no wandering comet, on its eccentric career, flinging a hasty and farewell beam upon the children of a world who would never again behold its return; it was indeed a fixed orb, a newly arisen planet; that uncertain light, those dim fires which flickered and trembled above the Atlantic wave, which drew the curious gaze and attracted the wondering speculation of the great families of man! that uncertain light has not faded into darkness, those dim fires have not sunk beneath the waters. Thanksgiving and gratitude to Him who planted the natural sun in the heavens to light, to cheer and to bless his dependent children in their daily rounds; who flung abroad on the face of the night the glittering host which illuminates the darkness,—thanksgiving and gratitude be sent up to Him, this day, from glowing hearts:—that uncertain light, no lon-

ger uncertain, still shines on,—those dim fires, no longer dim, still burn. The star of our country!—it no longer struggles with the storms which shrowded its rising,—it no longer trembles on the verge of the horizon,—it shines down upon us from the mid-heavens,—its glories stream across the skies,—its light is as dear to every American bosom as the vital air he breathes, or the genial warmth of that great central light, which quickens, sustains and animates his being.

“If it were not true, it would seem impossible that there are those who regard with listless apathy the return of this glorious day,—that there are those who would abolish the Sabbath of their country and set aside the time-honored observances of the day of '76. They stand unmoved whilst all is moving life about them. The brilliant shows, the gladsome sounds, quicken not their stagnant pulse. To them 'tis all annoyance and intrusion and barren mummery. They would scatter the splendid array of our citizen soldiery; the banners which streaming upon the winds unfurl to the kindling sensibilities of our ingenuous youth the Palmetto, circled by its *words of fire*; which spread before their ardent gaze the Eagle, with its aspiring pinion, poised in its starry home,—these eloquent symbols speaking to the heart, stirring the soul more deeply than words; which as they flout the winds in proud defiance, fan the fires of patriotism and valour and burn into the soul the sacred images of home and country,—this heroic blazonry they would trail along the ground or surrender to the moth and worm. Silence for them, would reign unbroken in our streets,—hushed the brave clamour of the trumpet, the shrill inspiring fife, the noisy drum,—*they* would seal the mouths of those cannon breaking their morning slumbers which on the 28th of June, 1776, from that same deathless Fortress of Liberty, carried death to the enemies of freedom, and replied along the sea in tones of thunder to the triumphant shouts of the men of Bunker. They would silence the music of those bells which proclaim from the temples of the Most High, that Religion smiles upon the day, and would lend a note of cheering sanction to the rejoicings of our Jubilee! No longer for them would citizen greet citizen round the festive board, and exchange the cordial salutations and heartfelt communion of fellow countrymen of a country they delighted to remember and to honor. They would abolish the civic feasts, at which whilst the generous wine is poured, the names of the illustrious and patriotic dead are recalled and their virtues and services pondered in the silence and the awe of a filial veneration; from whose circles come the cheering tones which string anew the energies of the Patriot-Statesman, tell him that his voice has not been raised unheeded, bid him toil on a little longer, for the hour of deliverance is nigh, and righteous victory

will crown the right!—From whose bosom, come upon the ear of the war-worn and shattered soldier, in his tent in the wilderness, those voices of gratitude and panegyric, which dissipate the gloom of the battle-field, pour balm into his green wounds and convert his ghastly scars into treasures and trophies. These Juries of Patriotism from whence national sentiment speaks the words of doom or triumph,—these centres of genial warmth which scattered throughout all our borders, burning brightly in town, in hamlet and on hill-top, light up our whole land with a moral illumination!—these bright links in the glowing chain, which thrown around our mighty empire, circulate the electric fires of sympathy to our remotest bounds, and bind the most distant tribes of our various people into one general brotherhood of love;—they would abolish these festivals of the soul, in which the national heart laboring and burdened with its weight of feeling finds utterance and breaks forth in song and sentiment,—at which whilst the generous wine is poured, and the bosom of the citizen is crowded with all high and gentle and sacred emotion, and he feels that he has a country to love, and fathers to revere, and children to save; there whilst living worth is recorded, and the memory of the dead embalmed; there when the solemnities of the future and the past, are upon his soul, and he is melted and subdued under their hallowing spell; there whilst the generous wine is poured, another name dearer than all the rest, the crown and garland of the feast, is spoken,—that name which whilst it falters on the lips of youth, flushes the cheek as Hope points to the future,—that gentle name, which as it trembles on the lips of age, blinds the eye with tears, as Memory travels over the melancholy fields of vanished joys,—that gentle name is pledged, which marries our liberties to the endearments of our hearth-stones, and manly hearts proclaim, Woman the guardian angel of our country!"

* * * * *

"We would not wield the institutions of this day to purposes of discord,—we would not open afresh the fountains of bitterness which sprung up from the seven years strife of our fathers with their mother-land. There was nothing in that dark quarrel,—there has been nothing since which should cause Americans to cherish malice against England. We can safely read over the pages of our history;—no dishonorable record there will send the blush of shame to our cheeks; our fathers have left behind them to their children, no blot upon their name to be washed out in blood,—no unavenged wrong to breed and to feed the spirit and purpose of revenge. We can afford to forgive the blows we have received—*for they were returned.* The blood of our fathers and our fathers, foes flowed in a mingled stream and sank into the ground together,—no cry issues to us from the soil for vengeance. On the

sea and on the shore, on every theatre in which nation meets nation, mind meets mind, or steel meets steel, in mortal conflict, we have measured strength; and our ancestral land,—“the inviolate island of the sage and free,” has been taught not to blush for us her legitimate children, and we in our turn have learned to be proud and not ashamed of our transatlantic sires. Our flags may wave in harmony,—for if the Lion moves the monarch of the Land, does not the Eagle soar the king of the Air? It is not only then more in the spirit of our times and our institutions, but it is juster, nobler, whilst at the same time it is more grateful to our feelings, to bury from our eyes all past causes of irritation, and to dwell only on those passages and relations, which would tend to cement that friendship which our mutual and solid interests demand, and humanity approves. *Let us rather remember*, that in our revolutionary struggle the contest of our people was not so much a contest with the people of England as it was with a besotted king, a corrupt ministry and their armed unscrupulous minions. Let us remember that that king descended from an alien and despotic stock, and himself almost an alien on the seat of British Empire, was compelled, to recruit his army of tyranny, to leave his own dominion, and was forced to adopt the Indian of our woods and the Hessian of the continent, to wage the unnatural war. Let us remember, that the intelligence, the generosity, the genius of English liberty was with us; let us ever bear it in grateful recollection, that it was the passionate voice of British eloquence which sounded the charge to our people, and sent those cheering words of cordial sympathy across the sea, which moved the souls of our fathers to dare, to do, to suffer and to triumph. Let us never forget, that if it had not been the pleasure of the Almighty Ruler of Nations to raise up within our own borders, heroic spirits, high intelligences, capable of vindicating the justice of our cause and establishing our rights before the tribunal of the world, yet upon the soil of the oppressor, within the wave of the tyrant's sceptre, there were found honest men, and sublime orators, from whose burning lips issued a defence of *American* freedom which will survive the colossal wreck of *British* empire, which will forever endure the proudest monument of *British* glory, which when her sea-girt walls are level with the waters, and the reality of that dominion which now spans the earth, shall have joined the gigantic shadows of Grecian and Roman rule; then far centuries hence that never dying *Defence* together with the song of Milton and of Shakespeare, will be read by the myriads of her children who will crowd this western continent.

“Let us select this day, from out the throng of illustrious champions who defended American freedom on British soil, him, the mightiest of the mighty,—let us unite him with him the mightiest

of the mighty who on American soil vindicated English liberty,—let the American Chatham and the English Henry be embalmed together in our gratitude,—let them be adopted as peace-makers of the past,—let us this day ask the question and leave it throughout all time for posterity to answer, “To whom shall Americans be most grateful, whom shall they most admire,—him, the fierce child of the democracy, who in a colonial legislature dared to proclaim to the creatures of power, and through them to their master, the monarch of a mighty empire, “that Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third might profit by their example;” or him, the subject of that monarchy, the legislator of that empire, who born within the fascinating, corrupting circle of a court, exposed to the blandishments of royal favour, yet scorning the glittering prizes of power, dared to stand up in parliament and under the shadow of the throne, thunder in the ear of a monarch whose subjects were in arms: ‘I rejoice that America has resisted; three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.’”

* * * * *

“In this time of our nation's strength, when our liberties are secured on a solid foundation, and the righteous cause of our fathers is irreversibly triumphant, your speaker would attempt a word of kindness and charity to an actor in the revolution. His name has never been coupled with panegyric,—no orator has declaimed his virtues,—no poet has sung his valor,—yet he was brave and fought for principle,—yet he possessed fidelity and was faithful without hope of gold; but nettles cover his unknown grave,—no stone tells where he lies,—no epitaph blazons his virtues, his sufferings, his sacrifices, his bloody death in a hard-fought field. His children seek not his resting place; they shrink from his ashes,—yet he was an honest man—he was one, and there were many such,—he was *the conscientious tory*,—he was loyal to a king who did not deserve his faith, as a wife still clings to the husband who has abused her love, as a mother still pursues with affection the son who has dishonored his name.—He was indeed the deluded victim of a false worship; but let us this day resolve to pity and respect that man who, however widely he erred, was still *true*,—whose principles, however false, *money could not purchase!* We boast our chivalry,—let us drop a tear upon his desolate and dishonored grave! Let his children shrink from his ashes, blush for his shame no longer! Marion refused to confiscate his *property*: let us refuse to confiscate his *memory!*”*

* Gen. Marion refused to vote for the confiscation of the property of such tories as had not been guilty of any barbarities, but had conducted themselves according to the laws of civilized warfare.

EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

"THE ATHENIAN CAPTIVE,"—a tragedy in five acts. By T. N. TALFOURD, author of "Ion."—1838. Mr. Talfourds's first tragedy, *Ion*, was eminently successful. It created a great sensation in the literary world, and immediately placed the author in the foremost rank of those who have lately presented themselves to the public as candidates for dramatic fame. For one reason we rejoiced at the success of *Ion*. It showed that the taste of the day was capable of appreciating the beauties of a dramatic poem, distinguished chiefly for elevation of sentiment and classical elegance of style.

We think, however, the applause bestowed upon Mr. Talfourd's tragedy was beyond its deserts. It induced many seriously to believe that the mantle of the elder dramatists had fallen upon his shoulders, and that the high and palmy days of the drama were about to be restored. It excited hopes which we fear will not be realized. Mr. Talfourd does not possess the highest requisities of the tragic style. His elaborate elegance is any thing but the language of passion; and we look in vain for those touches of simple tenderness or deeper pathos, which act like magic on the soul, now thrilling it with a gentle and pleasurable excitement, and now stirring it up to a more intense and tumultuous sensibility. His sentences of "linked sweetness long drawn out," are as far removed as they well can be, from that simple, concise and energetic expression in which true passion never fails to clothe itself.

"The Athenian Captive" will not add anything to Mr. Talfourds fame; indeed, it falls far short of what was justly to be expected of him. The poetry is cold and very often stiff, betraying evident marks of carelessness and haste. This is the more remarkable on account of the elaborate finish which distinguished *Ion*. We have also a serious objection to the characters. Thoas, the hero, is brought into subjection to the stronger will of Ismene, while she who is thus rendered the ruling spirit of the drama, excites in our bosom no other feelings than those of abhorrence and disgust. She coldly, and without adequate provocation, instigates *him* whom she recognizes as her long-lost son, to the murder of her own husband; and the want of *humanness*, if we may use the expression, exhibited in her whole character, forbids our regarding her with either pity or admiration. Notwithstanding the atrocity of Lady Macbeth, the great poet has skilfully contrived to bring her within the pale of our sympathies, and to make us feel all the while that we have a nature in common with her. This is one of the most difficult achievements of genius. The secret is not easily explained, but the effect is wrought out in the course of the gradual development of the character, and by a skilful arrangement of the action of the play. It

may be further remarked in reference to the personages of this drama, that Hyllus is not sufficiently prominent to excite much interest, and that Creusa is too insipid to take a strong hold of our sympathies.

Notwithstanding Mr. T's. signal failure in what we conceive to be the leading conception of his drama, we mean not to deny that there are both fine passages and effective scenes in the "Athenian Captive." We would commend particularly that part of the second scene in the second act, in which Thoas dashes down the cup he is about to hand to the King, and indignantly and eloquently rebukes the "frail insects of a day," who were just preparing to quaff "Ruin to Athens."

GOETHE, AND THE "SORROWS OF WERTHER." Goethe's Memoirs written by himself, is one of the most delightful books we have ever read. It combines the picturesqueness of romance with the truth of biography; and lends to realities all the charms of fiction. Poetry, sentiment and philosophy are exquisitely mingled together in this self-portraiture, to which a fine glow of feeling, and the richest colourings of fancy give all the warmth and animation of life. The scenes and feelings of his early youth, the growth and gradual expansion of his extraordinary powers, the characters of the great men of Germany with whom he formed friendship or acquaintance, and the influence of his and their minds on the spirit and literature of their country, are all delineated with graphic distinctness and the most captivating simplicity of style.

Not the least curious and interesting part of these memoirs is that in which Goethe gives an account of the feelings and external occurrences which gave rise to his different works. The "*Sorrows of Werther*" had its origin in these singular circumstances. Goethe's mind had become imbued with a deep feeling of melancholy, which he fed and encouraged both by his course of reading and his habits of thought. He gave himself up to the influence of this feeling, till it deepened into a gloomy distemper, and he began to look with disgust upon the world, and all its pursuits and enjoyments. Society had no longer any charms for him, and life itself no delights. He went into solitude, that he might give the more unrestrained indulgence to the sickly and extravagant imaginings that possessed him. The paltry vexation of every-day occurrence served only to confirm these feelings, and he at last begun to think seriously of ridding himself of the burthen of existence. He carefully examined all the modes of suicide suggested by history, and found no example more worthy of imitation than that of the Emperor Otho, who having determined to sacrifice himself for what he conceived to be the good of his empire, supped cheerfully with his friends one night, and was found the next morning pierced through the heart with a poinard. Goethe was at this time in the habit of sleeping with a well-sharpened poinard at his side; and he hesitated several times before extinguishing the light, whether or not he should plunge it into his breast, but could never

muster up the necessary resolution. He concluded by laughing at his own folly; and determined not only to live, but to derive satisfaction from existence by throwing into some imaginative composition all the ideas, feelings and illusions with which this subject had inspired him. About this time young Jerusalem, a friend of Goethe, and the victim of an unfortunate attachment, put a period to his existence. Goethe possessed himself of all the minute details and circumstances of the event; arranged in his mind the plan of *Werther*, and began to give shape and consistency to all the elements of that romance that had so long been fermenting in his brain. He shut himself up, drew from his own mind and experience the necessary materials, and in the space of four weeks produced the "Sorrows of Werther," which excited throughout all Germany a powerful sensation.

The reason of the wonderful success of *Werther*, was the fact that it appeared precisely at the right moment, and struck the chord to which almost every heart in Germany responded. The young men of that land of enthusiasm and romance were the victims of the same fancies and sufferings as Goethe; and in describing his own case, the author also described that of the mass of his readers. Each individual applied the picture to himself, and found no small degree of self-complacency in tracing the supposed resemblance. Each melancholy wight instantly fancied himself a *Werther*.

Goethe speaks thus of the effect of this singular composition upon his own mind:—"I owed my deliverance to the little composition, with the idea of which my situation had inspired me. I recovered my serenity of mind. I was like a sinner relieved from the burthen of his errors by a general confession; and I felt inspired with energy to enter upon a new existence. I had transformed reality into fiction, and I felt myself relieved. My friends, on the contrary, imagined that my work might, perhaps, have the effect of converting fiction into fact, of introducing into real life the extravagance of romance, and affording an apology for suicide. The idea thus erroneously conceived by a few individuals, soon extended to the public; and the work which had occasioned so great a benefit to me, was declared to have the most dangerous tendency."

DR. CHANNING AND THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. The Doctor and the Quarterly agree wonderfully well on the subject of Texas and Slavery in the United States. The letter to Henry Clay on the annexation of Texas, is taken as the text of an article, and is largely quoted, and commented upon in a strain of unmixed commendation. With a fullness of confidence, by no means characteristic of the Quarterly, particularly in regard to American writers, the Doctor's facts and reasonings are received without question, and his issues and conclusions warmly applauded as "honest and enlightened," and in all respects worthy of "a patriot and a statesman." Now Doctor Channing knows as well as we do, that this Tory periodical

is and always has been the foe of our institutions, and that it would rejoice and triumph in their overthrow. A true American ought, (to say the least,) to feel some suspicion and distrust as to the correctness of his position, when he thus finds himself, not only in the ranks, but in the very arms and embraces of the open and avowed enemies of his country. But what is to be thought of Doctor Channing's taking it upon himself to suggest to England arguments and reasons why she should resist the annexation of Texas to the U. States? If the learned Doctor be the champion of British rights, and their accredited expounder of international law; if he be a spy in our camp to supply the British cabinet with information and advice in regard to our domestic policy and foreign relations,—it is nothing more than right that his character and position should be distinctly understood. It would be well too for this minister of a religion of peace and good will, to consider whether it is laboring in his vocation, to stir up discord and insurrection at home, and sow the seeds of hostility and war for his country abroad.

BURTON; OR THE SIEGES. By the author of "Lafitte," &c.—1838. To be had at Mr. Beile's.—This is a romance taken from the page of history, and founded on incidents in the life of Aaron Burr. Burr is here represented in the earlier part of his career of ambition and love, as the youthful and aspiring hero, and at the same time the deliberate violator of female confidence, and betrayer of female innocence. The tale is one of thrilling interest, but there is not simplicity and directness enough in the development of the plot. Scenes and incidents are often introduced for the purpose of effect, which so far from conducing to the main action, actually break the chain of interest, and embarrass the regular progression of events. The death of Francois, the Canadian Ferryman, was uncalled for, unless for the purpose of giving the author an opportunity of expending a little superfluous pathos; while the Miser, to whom so many pages are devoted towards the close of the second volume, had either no necessary connection with the progress of "the conspiracy," or if any, so slight a one, that it might easily have been dispensed with.

Professor Ingraham has fine descriptive powers, which he is fond of indulging. This dalliance by the way often diverts him from what is more interesting to the mass of readers—the hurry of incident and the bustle of action.

Burton will be a popular book; and we feel that Professor Ingraham's excellence and fame in the department of imaginative literature is too well established to need any aid from us.

THE POETRY OF TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES, &c. By Mrs. C. Gilman.—1838. To be had at Mr. Beile's.—We welcome this book of our distinguished townswoman, as a pleasant *refacciamento* of the ideas and

associations aroused in a poetic mind by the kindling influences of the spots which it purposes to celebrate. It does not deal much in description, and therein is no small recommendation; but delights to seize some incident connected with the scene under view, stirring the harp-strings of the soul until they burst into melody.

Notes of Northern Travel please us better than those of a Southern Tour. The lyrical pieces throughout the book are mostly from the practised pen of Mrs. G., but we notice some gems of M. E. L. and others. On the whole, the work deserves praise as an agreeable means wherewith to while away an hour, and recal the scenes which it purposes to present.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by "Boz." 2 vols.—1838. To be had at Mr. Beile's.—Who but "Boz" should write the Memoirs of Joe Grimaldi? The broadest of humorists taking the likeness of the Prince of Clowns and Harlequins! What else could come of it but grimace, laughter, and all sorts of fun! Indeed there are many things in this veritable history so good in themselves, and so exceedingly well told by the Editor, that the lovers of humor cannot fail to be delighted with it. Should the reader find some of the descriptions rather lengthy, he has only to take a *hop, skip and a jump* forward, and he will soon find himself in more pleasant places.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Lines on the Loss of the Pulaski," from our fair and gifted correspondent *Elora*, of Philadelphia, were received too late for insertion in this number. They shall appear in our next.

We commend to the attention of our readers, "Random Recollections of the Revolution." They come from an accomplished source, and will be found exceedingly interesting.

"Poetry of Nature" is an exquisite gem. We confidently assure our correspondent "H." that we could never have received from him before, any thing of the same water, or it would immediately have found a place in our columns

OLIO.

A SCRAP FROM IZAAK WALTON.—And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now, look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts:—

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

“Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die.

“Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes—
And must die.

“Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.”

LORD KENYON'S ORTHOGRAPHY.—Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed Master of the Rolls, he was listening attentively to a young clerk who was reading to him the conveyances of an estate, and who, on coming to the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His Honour immediately interrupted him: “Hold—hold, you must stand corrected,—*enough* is according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words which terminate in *ough*, as for example: *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c.” The clerk bowed, blushed and went on for some time, when coming to the word *plough*, he with a loud voice, and a penetrating look at his Honour,

called it *pluff*! The great lawyer stroked his chin, and with a smile candidly said, "Young man I sit corrected."

LORD KENYON'S LATINITY.—Lord Kenyon's classical acquirements are well known to have been but slender. He was nevertheless exceedingly fond of ornamenting his judgments with Latin quotations, which did not always fall exactly into their right places. Upon one occasion he is said to have concluded his summing up in the following manner: "Having thus discharged your consciences, Gentlemen of the Jury, you may retire to your homes and hearths, in peace; and with the delightful consciousness of having well performed your duties as citizens, you may lay down your heads upon your pillows, and say, '*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*'"

CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.—Jean Paul Richter thus beautifully contrasts these two qualities of the soul: "Who is the greater sage, he who lifts himself above the stormy time and contemplates it without action; or he who from the high region of calmness throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it when the eagle soars upward through the storm into the clear heaven; but sublimer, when floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm-cloud to the rock-hung eyry, where his unfeathered young live and tremble."

ANECDOTES OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.—While passing through Germany Sir Henry stayed some days at Augusta, when he was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo (a book of white paper which the German gentry usually carried about them for that purpose,) and Sir Henry took occasion for some accidental discourse to write the definition of an ambassador—

"*Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ,*" which he would have translated thus:—"An ambassador is an honest man, sent to *lie*," (to dwell) "abroad for the good of his country,"—but the word "*lie*" being the hinge on which the conceit turned, afforded an opportunity to Jasper Scioppius, to denounce the religion of James; and such was the use he made of it, that the king took it sorely to heart, and was not appeased until Sir Henry satisfactorily explained the matter in two apologies in Latin, one to Velserus (one of the chiefs of Augusta,) and another to king James.

Being one evening at church in Rome, a pleasant priest sent him by a boy of the choir this question written on a small piece of paper:—"Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit:—"My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now,—in the written word of God." The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir-boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest:—"Do

you believe all those many thousands of poor christians are damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power?—even those poor christians that knew not why they quarrelled? Speak your conscience." To which the priest underwrit in French:—"Monsieur, excusez moi."

To one that asked him, "whether a Papist may be saved," he replied: "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself."

He was requested by a friend to give him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations abroad, and he uttered this for an infallible aphorism:—"That to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country, he should always and upon all occasions speak the truth,—for," said he, "you shall never be believed; and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to account; and will also put your adversaries, who will still hunt counter, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

His opinion of Milton's *Comus*, appears in a letter written to that author, which he calls "a dainty piece of entertainment; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: ipsa mollities."

He wrote the following hymn in his last sickness:—

O thou Great Power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die!
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
O precious ransom! which, once paid,
That "consummatum est" was said;

And said by him that said no more,
But sealed it with his dying breath;
Thou, then, that hast dispunged my score,
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all."

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

IT HAS been determined to resume the publication of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands at this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The project for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count but two besides our own, in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a contrast is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the Union. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is finding encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her own literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is bestowing a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other parts of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, as well as generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the interpretation and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the development of our native mind and material, but provide themselves ampler security against the propagation of writings and doctrines destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a *home policy*, to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual resources of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF ARTS is a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

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